



THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

APRIL 16 1982

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RKP

The perils of deterrence

By Michael Howard

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN:
The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy
473pp. Macmillan. £25.
0 333 25619 0

LAWRENCE MARTIN:
The Two-Edged Sword
Armed Force in the Modern World
The Reith Lectures 1981
108pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£5.95.
0 297 78139 1

SOLLY ZUCKERMAN:
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MARY KALDOR:
The Baroque Arsenal
294pp. André Deutsch. £7.95.
0 233 97388 5

JEFF MCMAHAN:
British Nuclear Weapons
For and Against
165pp. Junction Books. £9.95 (paper-
back, £3.95).
0 88245 047 0

The danger of nuclear war is probably greater now than at any previous time. The accelerating arms race, together with changes in the international scene, continue to "destabilize" the equilibrium between the major nuclear powers. Although the change may not have been very widely noticed, nuclear planning has moved dangerously away from the straightforward deterrent conception, which obtained for many years, of "mutual assured destruction", towards policies based on the expectation of fighting a nuclear war and, supposedly, winning it.

The interesting thing about the above three statements, the first inherently unprovable, the second a controversial half-truth, and the third simply false, is that they have not been made by some itinerant CND hedge-preacher, but by one of our most eminent philosophers, Professor Bernard Williams, now Provost of King's College, Cambridge. They appear in his preface to Jeff McMahan's study, *British Nuclear Weapons: For and Against*. They are, however, very typical of pronouncements being made throughout the Western world by alarmed laymen who are beginning to discover some of the facts of life in the nuclear age and, inevitably, getting a lot of them wrong.

Those of us who have been trying to monitor these developments over the past twenty-five years have no doubt become blasé and insensitive and need waking up at regular intervals. But it is not self-evident, for example, that the danger of nuclear war is any greater now than it was at the time of the Cuba Missile Crisis twenty years ago; or that the arms race is "accelerating" beyond the rate which was normal in, say, the 1950s and 60s; or that a situation in which the Soviet Union had acquired a lead over the United States in every branch of weaponry, nuclear and conventional, as they had by the end of the 1970s, was one of stable equilibrium; or that the concept of deterrence by "mutual assured destruction" really did prevail for very long, or indeed that it was ever quite so "straightforward" as the Provost of King's suggests; or, finally, that there is anything very new about policies "based on the expectation of fighting a nuclear war". Such policies were made explicit by Robert McNamara in a series of much-quoted statements exactly twenty years ago, and have been implicit in American strategic planning since the early 1950s. Nor is there any cause to suppose from the great mass of available evidence that the Soviet Union has ever had any different expectation. Ever since nuclear weapons were developed their possessors have had plans for their use. The idea that we have only recently been driven out of an Eden of nuclear stability by American hawks anxious to fight a nuclear war, preferably in Europe, is not one that stands up to critical examination.

But something has certainly changed; and that is the world balance of military power. The extent of that change is a matter of controversy, American hawks overrating it as grotesquely as it has been underrated by European doves. But the basic reality is undeniable. Whether or not the Soviet Union has achieved "strategic superiority" the United States has lost it. Even if the figures, notoriously unreliable as

they are, did not bear this out, the Americans believe they have lost it and go round telling everyone that they have done so; and people who believe themselves to be inferior must expect to be regarded as such.

This is something new. We have been told before that the United States was in danger of losing its strategic superiority, notably at the time of the Sputnik launching, the Gaither Committee and the notorious "missile gap" in 1957-62. Now we are informed that it has actually happened. And now that it has happened, we can see that such "stability" as we believed we enjoyed in the three decades after the Second World War was based, not on any presumption of "mutual assured destruction", but on one of such overwhelming American nuclear supremacy that any first use of nuclear weapons by the Soviet Union could effectively be discounted; whereas a threat of first use by the West to counter a Soviet conventional attack appeared quite convincing.

Under such circumstances the American "nuclear guarantee" to Western Europe - the promise that the United States would help to defend its NATO allies even at the risk of suffering the effects of nuclear war on its own territory - seemed altogether credible, and the deployment, and threatened first use, of "theatre nuclear weapons" was an acceptable and necessary part of the strategy of deterrence. But with the Soviet achievement of parity at every level - "strategic" missiles of intercontinental range, "theatre" nuclear weapons that can fire into Europe from outside, "tactical" nuclear weapons, for use on the battlefield, to say nothing of conventional forces - the threat of "first use" by the West at any level now appears suicidal, and renewed doubt has been cast on the effectiveness of the whole mechanism of nuclear deterrence as it has developed over the past thirty years.

These doubts do not mean that "the danger of war is probably greater now than at any previous times"; unless one believes, with the Committee on the Present Danger in the United States, that the Soviet Union perceives "a window of opportunity" which it proposes to exploit in order to achieve its ambitions of world

conquest. Yet those who are most vociferous in warning us against the danger as coming, not from Soviet adventurism, but from a United States that is at present loudly bewailing its strategic inferiority. Mr McMahan is, unfortunately, not untypical when he writes in his book about America's "serious... intention to use Europe as the battlefield for its war with the Soviet Union"; but if we are to take American alarmists' assessments of Soviet strength at all seriously, the United States is in no position to contemplate war with the Soviet Union, in Europe or anywhere else, and will not be for many years to come.

The commonsensical reaction to these developments is to declare the whole situation ludicrously exaggerated and to deny, as Henry Kissinger did when he still occupied a position of responsibility and power, that "strategic superiority" in an age of nuclear plenty can mean anything at all; to accept that the consequences of nuclear war, on however small a scale, are so dreadful that no nation, however powerful and ruthless, will ever risk initiating it so long as there is a finite possibility of suffering directly from its consequences. If everyone took this robust attitude there would be little to worry about.

Unfortunately there are a very large number of people who, like Bernard Williams, do not. Their views extend over a spectrum, beyond one end of which we find a desire to re-create the American strategic superiority of the 1950s, and beyond the other the hope of building a new world order in which all nations will happily live together in a state of military nakedness and the young child will play in the cockatrice's den. Within the spectrum of more realistic possibilities, opinions range from those who, by developing options of "limited use", hope to avoid the inevitability of the holocaust that at present makes it incredible; through those who seek to make the use of nuclear weapons unnecessary by improving conventional or unconventional defences; to those members of the European Peace Movements who are prepared to acquiesce in Soviet strategic superiority and dismantle any weapons-systems

on their soil that the Soviet Union might regard as "provocative". The latter bear eloquent if unwitting witness to the political dividends that the development of nuclear superiority brings in its wake.

It would save a great deal of trouble if everyone who wished to inform themselves about this debate, let alone take part in it, were to read Lawrence Freedman's magisterial yet lively study on *The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy*, if only to remind themselves how often we have been round this particular track before. Dismissing this particular track before, Freedman reminds us of much that is too easily forgotten. Originally it was believed that nuclear weapons could maintain an American *imperium* almost indefinitely. Even after the Soviet Union had revealed the naivety of this assumption by exploding both nuclear and thermonuclear weapons, expectations of continuing nuclear superiority were used to justify the economical strategy of "massive retaliation", until the Sputnik scare in 1957 triggered off the panicky over-reaction that so closely parallels that of our own time.

In the early 1960s the acceptance of strategic parity, and with it of mutual nuclear deterrence, set on foot the search for practicable means of using military force, whether offensively or defensively, in "limited wars"; and there was at least as much discussion of "limited nuclear options" between 1958 and 1964 as there has been more recently. Mr McNamara brought to the Department of Defence a whole quiverful of options, nuclear and conventional, most of them forged by Rand Corporation. America's European allies found most of them militarily unappealing, and their resistance, combined with the increasing United States involvement in Vietnam, made McNamara settle, instead for the concept of "mutually assured destruction" which the development of stable second-strike delivery systems appeared to make possible.

In fact that concept masked a massive and increasing American nuclear superiority, largely deriving from the

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development of MIRVs, which postponed, if it did not entirely prevent, the asking of disagreeable questions as to what would happen if deterrence failed. Freedman quotes one particularly trenchant critique:

Although commonly called a "strategy", assured destruction was by itself the antithesis of a strategy. Unlike any strategy that overcame the history of armed conflict, it ceased to be useful precisely where military strategy is supposed to come into effect: at the edge of war.

Serious criticism of the doctrine was also postponed by the priority inevitably given to the real war which the United States was fighting in Vietnam from 1964 to 1974. But as soon as that was over, a new Secretary for Defence, James Schlesinger, began once again to discuss a "strategy of options" that would, as he and others at the time put it, present the President, in the event of Soviet aggression, with "alternatives to genocide". In fact, as critics within the Administration have since pointed out, the American targeting system had always contained plenty of such alternatives, and the picture painted by critics of MAD as an utterly immoral strategy involving the destruction of cities as the sole available response to any hostile military move was libellously untrue. But the problem remained and still remains: what do you do if deterrence does fail? What kind of response is appropriate to an enemy attack, whether conventional or nuclear? And if the enemy were to launch a pre-emptive first strike, how do you ensure the survival not only of your retaliatory forces, but of the command and control apparatus that could ensure their use for anything short of genocide?

Freedman describes, both lucidly and comprehensively, the process by which we reached our present predicament. While justly criticizing most of the thinkers with whom he deals for taking the political framework of strategy for granted and becoming "infatuated with the microscopic analysis of military technology and the acquisition of equipment by the forces on both sides", he concludes that in spite of all the absurdities of the analysts, nuclear deterrence works. It is, he suggests, "a viable policy, even if it is not credible.... The Emperor's Deterrence may have no clothes, but he is still Emperor." Lawrence Martin, in his *Reluctant Leader*, came to the same conclusion and gave another popular image to express it: "if you know of a better 'ole, go to it!"

Professor Martin's exposition of the problems of nuclear deterrence, under the title *The Two-Edged Sword*, was rather too lucid for some tastes. He covered far more ground than he was able to explore in depth, and trailed his coat with a tendentious denial that any such thing as an arms race existed, and with a hurried, not very convincing defence of the British independent deterrent. His critique of the concept of "Mutually Assured Destruction" also contained some unguarded statements. He complained that if it were really implemented "nuclear forces would become good only for neutralizing other nuclear forces". Many of us believe that this is all they are good for, and any attempt to provide them with further political utility would need to be very carefully argued indeed.

But Martin did set out very fairly the problem of nuclear deterrence as we have considered it above. It would, he said, be irresponsible not to have plans for trying to limit the damage once nuclear weapons are used. So long as deterrence exists, there is no denying it may fail.... Like all nuclear deterrence strategies, the idea of limited nuclear options is intended not to fight war but to deter aggression and thereby avert war. (They provide) a second, deadly, step.... on the dreadful, last-ditch, slope.

Martin admitted that he did "not pretend to any excessive confidence in the idea", and Freedman is still more sceptical. No operational nuclear strategy, he says, can be devised that does not carry an enormous risk of escalation to a bloody, uncontrolled nuclear war. He is, of course, right. But he is also right to say that the idea of limited nuclear options is intended not to fight war but to deter aggression and thereby avert war. (They provide) a second, deadly, step.... on the dreadful, last-ditch, slope.

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Mows against the political and economic centres of the industrialized world". Lord Zuckerman, in his brief but immensely powerful study *Nuclear Mission and Reality*, is yet more emphatic. As Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Defence he has observed the failure of all attempts to integrate nuclear weapons into the defence of Western Europe. All studies have shown their destructive power to be inconceivably disproportionate to whatever object they were intended to achieve. An expert on the effect of explosives himself, he spells out what a "limited nuclear option" would mean:

If one could concentrate into one focal point and one focal moment all the destruction which Britain suffered in World War II, the picture would not be as bad as the one that needs to be conjured up when one talks of the explosion of a single megaton warhead over a city.

Besides, since only "utter desperation and fear could lead one side in a conflict to a 'rational' decision to use a nuclear weapon.... If one warhead, who not more than one?"

Lord Zuckerman adheres to the good old view, scorned by Martin, that nuclear weapons are good for nothing except neutralizing other nuclear weapons, and that they "can neither prevent war nor defend it". "There is no alternative", he concludes, "to our deploying enough properly armed conventional forces to fight, if it ever became necessary, a real war." And the development of such forces, he argues, is inhibited not only by the obsession with usable nuclear weapons but by the ludicrous sophistication of weapons systems that has been making all conventional armament impossibly expensive and almost beyond the capacity of human skills either to manipulate or to maintain. For this he blames the determined ingenuity of technologists in weapons-establishments, who have been driving armed forces and governments on to ever more costly and elaborate projects. A moratorium on Research and Development is, in Zuckerman's view, the first essential step to effective arms control.

Mary Kaldor in *The Baroque Arsenal* focuses on the same phenomenon, but attributes it rather more convincingly to deeper structural causes. She finds these in a combination of the conservatism of the military, who cannot visualize any weapons system other than those they have been brought up to use, and the dynamics of a capitalist system whose effectiveness depends upon continuous innovation. Thus, battleships were developed ever greater in size and more formidable in armament, only to fall victim to the more cost-effective submarine launched torpedo or the bomber aircraft. Bombers in their turn became the object of ever increasing elaboration, long after the advent of missiles that could shoot them out of the sky. Such developments, argues Ms Kaldor, are not only militarily absurd but also economically corrupting, drawing research and development away from the civilian sector and militarizing the economy both of the industrial nations and of the Third World; whose regimes become as a result increasingly corrupt and oppressive, exacerbating the tensions out of which conflicts, and very probably wars, will arise.

Kaldor uses a very broad brush, and her more sweeping economic conclusions may not stand up to exact analysis. She does, however, give detail, for example, how the procurement system in this country actually works. She also unconsciously propounds one of two remarkable paradoxes. She complains about the "cozy relationship" of armaments firms with the government, "the idea of the arms companies as national institutions"; but "national institutions" was exactly what an earlier generation of socialists considered that armaments firms ought to be. Neither does she examine some of the more positive implications of these developments for international stability. Are countries armed with these expensive monsters, which can only with difficulty be serviced and cannot be replaced, more likely to go to war with each other than nations armed with cheaper and more plentiful weapons? Is not this competition in producing military dinosaurs, like the space race, a kind of substitute

for war; expensive and wasteful certainly, but greatly preferable to the real thing? Proliferation of these expensive toys to the Third World has not anywhere produced any great incentive to use them.

Ms Kaldor would probably not agree. Production and possession of the weapons system, she maintains, results in a series of interlocking and ever-widening vicious circles in which economic instability, conflict, and armament spur each other on towards some drastic outcome.... The vicious circle of military spending, low growth, and repression may have already propelled the Soviet Union towards a new adventurism, which may have been partly responsible for the invasion of Afghanistan.

Well, so it may. But it may also have been responsible for the concealed immobilism that (pace the Committee on the Present Danger) has been far more characteristic of Soviet military policy over the past five years than any kind of "adventurism". Massive arms expenditure is usually bad and war is even worse, but one cannot conclude in quite so sweeping a fashion that the one necessarily leads to the other.

McMahon in *British Nuclear Weapons: For and Against* is far more rigorous in his approach. He is clearly a trained philosopher, and it is a pleasure to watch him make mincemeat out of a number of sacred cows. He labours, it is true, under some strange misconceptions. One we have already considered: that the United States has "the intention to use Europe as the battlefield in its war with the Soviet Union". Note well that "is"; *as petite guerre à lui*. The Pentagon, McMahon implies, has decided, for obscure reasons of its own, that it wants to fight a nuclear war somewhere and Europe happens to be a convenient battlefield. Even the best philosophers would profit from a minimal knowledge of history, and it would not have taken much research to show McMahon that the Americans joined

the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on the urging of Western European powers who felt too weak to defend themselves after the Second World War; that they introduced battlefield nuclear weapons because the Europeans were unwilling to go to the expense and trouble of providing for their own conventional defence; and that the present ill-advised TNF project was devised to reassure West Europeans that a nuclear war would not be confined to their territory, but that any Soviet first-strike against Europe would trigger off unacceptable escalation. One does not even require this degree of historical expertise to observe that the only conceivable cause for war in Europe, nuclear or otherwise, would be a Soviet military attack. Why therefore does McMahon and those who think like him consider that this would be the Americans' war?

There are other oddities about the book, including the belief that Polaris missiles were equipped with single warheads until the Chevaline programme provided them with more, and a pervading assumption that the defence of the United Kingdom can be considered in isolation from the Continent of Europe - an anachronism enough in 1939 if not 1914, today a total absurdity. But the issue of Britain's nuclear weapons programme in itself can be fairly examined in spite of all this, and on the whole McMahon does so, reaching conclusions that will command wide support. Britain, he considers, should abandon her nuclear weapons programme, replacing it with a substantially increased effort in conventional defence, but continue to rely on an American nuclear capability and therefore remain within the Alliance. One can agree with this while doubting McMahon's expectation that it would in any way reduce the risk of war or Britain's vulnerability in the event of war; or indeed believing that that risk is anywhere near so great as he believes. It would simply be a more sensible way of spending our money.

On the need to improve "conven-

Educating the Navy

By Bryan Ranft

DONALD M. SCHURMAN
Julian S. Corbett 1854-1922
Historian of British Maritime Policy
from Drake to Jellicoe
216pp. Royal Historical Society.
£15.75.
0 901050 59 8

Julian Corbett was a better historian and a more perceptive analyst of maritime strategy than A. T. Mahan. That he never achieved the wide recognition of his American counterpart was due to the vastly different circumstances in which they wrote and the nature of the lessons they tried to teach. Mahan's writing on the influence of sea power upon history aimed at awakening the United States to her world destiny for success, and coincided with other powerful political and economic forces flowing in the same direction. It also appealed to other nations, especially Germany and Japan, which aspired to wider influence and power, and thus became an integral part of the ideology of power politics and expansionism which characterized the dawn of the twentieth century.

Corbett's role was entirely different. He was the historian of the world's strongest navy, whose achievements in Britain's rise to world influence were firmly enshrined in the country's history and mythology; a country whose political leaders were committed to maintaining a navy superior to that of any other powers combined, and who, in times of panic, was aware of the vulnerability of its food and raw-material supplies to attack by rival naval powers. Corbett's role, unlike Mahan's, was not that of a leader of a crusade, but the much less appealing one of instructor and critic: it was to be an advocate of the continuing importance of maritime strategy. In contrast to the increasingly continentalist approach

of the military authorities, but he was never an extreme blue-water propagandist. His historical research had convinced him that success in war came through the joint efforts of army and navy and that the final decision producing an enemy's surrender could only come from the defeat of his land forces.

If this absolutely correct judgment blunted Corbett's appeal to extreme navalists, his other main strategic message, that the decisive fleet action was not the be-all and end-all of naval operations, did not endear him to the naval officers who heard his lectures at the War College. What few strategic ideas they had, based on a superficial and often second-hand knowledge of Mahan and the Royal Navy, destined for another Trafalgar, made them strongly resistant to Corbett's insistence that the navy's role was not just to fight battles but rather to contribute to its government's wider policies and strategic purposes. This might entail less glamorous operations, such as defence of merchant shipping, blockade or participation in the combined operations against the enemy's coast, which Corbett believed to be the most effective offensive use of maritime power. The criticism of Corbett which culminated in his dismissal from the Admiralty's formal disassociation from his views inserted in the third volume of his official history of the naval operations of the Great War, on the grounds that he had diminished the significance of decisive fleet actions, typified the limited vision of the navy he had sought to educate. He had always recognized the need for decisive battle but had argued that the best way of bringing it about was to carry out other operations which would not only further overall national strategy but also, to the extent to which they were effective, force an otherwise reluctant enemy to seek a fleet action.

Corbett's judgment did fail in his discounting of the obviousness of the threat to merchant shipping in a future war, and in his misapprehension of the impact of technical change on

tional" forces and so diminish reliance on a decreasingly credible nuclear threat, all these writers agreed. Indeed a massive consensus appears to be developing on this point on both sides of the Atlantic and across the political spectrum. There is also general agreement that this must mean pouring more money into Mary Kaldor's Baroque Arsenal, but trying to exploit the new technology to improve defensive weapons - what Alastair Buchan twenty years ago described as a "Manhattan Project" for conventional defence. Such projects can be over-romanticized. There is a belief among more radical thinkers that Europe can be defended simply by embattled farmers armed with PGMs and that Britain could hold out on her own if only we could develop enough mobile surface-to-air missiles to defend her ports. But the exaggeration of ideas does not invalidate them, and such scenarios are no less plausible than some of those, which one does indeed find on the wilder banks of the Hudson, for fighting controlled nuclear wars.

Which brings us back to our starting-point. Deterrence policy at present is not based on "the expectation of fighting a nuclear war and, supposedly, winning it". Indeed, such aspirations are probably very much less general today, thanks to the achievement by the Russians of nuclear parity, than they were in the time of McMahon. But the dilemma stated by Professor Martin still remains. So long as there is deterrence there is no denying it may fail; and "it would be irresponsible not to have plans for trying to limit the damage once nuclear weapons are used". If we are to remain dependent on the nuclear power of the United States, there is an obligation on us to be constructive in our criticisms of their policies, or at the very least to understand what they are trying to do. But there is a yet more urgent obligation: to ensure that our own weakness and ineptitude does not put the Americans into the horrifying position of having to contemplate using nuclear weapons first.

the most effective methods of protection. He cannot be justly blamed for failing to foresee the German unrestricted submarine campaign, a failure which he shared with virtually all political and naval opinion, but his scepticism about the use of convoy was based on an erroneous interpretation of past wars.

Donald Schurman's aim is not to summarize Corbett's historical and strategic writing, something which he has already accomplished in his *The Education of a Navy* (1965), but to illuminate the complex interaction of Corbett's many roles: academic historian, strategic analyst, propagandist for Jackie Fisher and the Royal Navy, and finally official historian. Working very largely from Corbett's private papers, he makes clear for the first time the extent and limitations of Corbett's public support for Fisher's reforms and his later activities inside the government machine in the presentation of the Admiralty's case in the strategic debates on the eve of the First World War. He shows conclusively that Corbett's skill in formulating and drafting arguments partially compensated for the absence of a trained naval staff. This continued during the war and Corbett's most direct impact upon strategy was his drafting of the Admiralty's general instruction to Jellicoe, embodying his own main strategic principle. Britain's survival depended on the denial of the use of the North Sea and the Atlantic to the German navy, and there was no point in fighting a fleet action in which the Grand Fleet might incur such losses as to put this denial at risk. This was to be the dominant idea behind Jellicoe's conduct at Jutland and it is not surprising that in his official history Corbett emerges as a Jellicoe supporter against the critics who asserted that he had been too cautious.

This is not an easy book to read but it certainly adds substantially to our understanding of the world's greatest naval historians and our most perceptive analyst of maritime strategy.

TRAVEL

A reticent city

By Alan Hollinghurst

E. M. FORSTER:
Alexandria: A History and a Guide
279pp. Michael Haag, P.O. Box 369,
London, NW3 4ER. £8.95 (paperback, £5.95).
0 902743 23 6

As there is nothing to see in Alexandria, a guide-book is especially necessary. It is necessary, too, of course, in the south of Egypt, as an expiator, a reader of hieroglyphics and a welcome prompt on dates and dynasties; but there is so much to see. The traveller who, stunned by the colossal splends of Upper Egypt and the visionary abstraction of the Nubian desert, gluttled with the treasures of the Egyptian Museum and the mosques and madrasas of Cairo, resorts to Alexandria, finds an anonymous and depressing town in which a Wonder of the World is the mere basement of what it once was, and Pompey's Pillar is the most bathetic of monuments. In Baedeker, Alexandria merits a meagre seventeen pages, whilst the temple of Karnak alone requires twenty-one. Both these places are historical enough, but in Alexandria the history has largely disappeared and is still disappearing as its polyglot culture and confluence of Mediterranean, African and Eastern worlds are increasingly Arabized and robbed of character. Apart from the sea-bathing, the only interest of the town for the modern visitor will live in the realm of historical imagination.

Hence the need for a guide-book, to render the modern place transparent and to reveal beneath it the significant features of its past. Forster's *History and Guide*, just reissued, is ideal: history in the first half, Guide in the second, the two keyed together with cross-referencing notes which precisely mime the connections the visitor must make between physical and imaginative tourism. An unusually generous provision of maps traces both the tourist's route and the invisible city of the past which lies beneath. The history takes the typically Bloomsburian form of a pageant or procession, though in this case it perhaps has a precedent in the ancient List of Kings in the Temple of Seti I at Abydos: an important carved depiction of the pharaonic succession from an earlier period; Forster achieves clear and animated distinctions of the Ptolemy from another, and intersperses succinct essays on Greco-Egyptian and Islamic thought, theology and art. Then comes what was the first ever translation of a poem of Forster's friend Cavafy, "The God Abandons Antony", which intimates the elegiac and memory-laden experience which the city represents both historically and to many, personally, forming a link to the methodical and eminently useful Guide.

The book was first published in 1922 in Alexandria. Soon afterwards the publishers informed Forster that the entire edition had been destroyed in a warehouse fire, and on subsequently finding it intact after having received the insurance money they felt obliged to burn the books deliberately. A second Alexandrian edition appeared in 1938, and an American edition in 1967. The latest edition is the first to be published in Britain, and it includes notes which bring up to date the description of 50 years ago.

The edition also adds to the book a literary dimension which takes the hint of Forster's *Invasion of the Cavafy poem*, with a vengeance. Lawrence Durrell contributes an introduction and the publisher a postscript which explains his own debt to Durrell in coming to know the city. The notes are full of quotations from the *Alexandria Quartet*, which parallels the real history with a fictional one which is thereby given a surely questionable dignity. Those who find Durrell unresolvable can, of course, skip these extracts, but their presence is indicative of a different tradition of topographical writing from that of Forster: in the text, Forster's historical manner is juxtaposed with one which posits the subjective experience of the writer as in itself a kind of travel-guide, a standard not simply of observation but of sensibility, which the reader must aspire to live up to. "Yes," Michael Haag admits, "I had arrived far, far too late at the Cecil Hotel.... and like Durrell and like Antony before him I reflected on that exile to which we are abandoned by the passage of time. This is what haunts you in Alexandria." Such writing, and the quoted fictions of Durrell and Neguib Mahfouz, illustrate a tendency to read a place through a book, as one might read Dublin through Joyce or Illiers through Proust; but beyond that the innately literary nature of these experiences of Alexandria emphasizes that it is a city of ghosts, where the writer counteracts the lack of present interest not only with history but with an orchestration of feeling.

Nothing of this happens in Forster's part of the book, needless to say. Forster's personal reticence is a perfect complement to that civic inexpressiveness beneath which he detects the shapes of the past. His own enigma, however, is never disclosed, though Lawrence Durrell, alerted perhaps by the knowledge that this was the case, suggests that Forster "must (one feels it) have been deeply happy, perhaps deeply in love" in Alexandria. As is now well known from P. N. Furbank's life of Forster (a work closely paraphrased without acknowledgment in the notes) Forster's time there - as a volunteer in the Red Cross - was crucial in his development as man and writer. There he had what appears to have been his first consummated love-affair, with a tram-conductor called Mohammed Adl, who died in the year of the publication of the Guide. In a scrupulously secret way the book constructs a tribute to and an elegy for this relationship, substituting for a personal explanation an external and factual account of a place which in itself Forster did not much care for.

The affair was part of a general deepening of understanding which promoted his increasing geographical movement, Alexandria being half-way to the India to which he would return after the War. Even when he was most naive as a person, his early novels had hinted at the inevitable relationship between travel and sexual knowledge and had carried with it themselves a concealed prophecy of what would happen to Forster himself. After Alexandria he wrote that he should have written *Maurice* better than he had (he would doubtless have lessened its dependence on Greek and Islamic thought, theology and art. Then comes what was the first ever translation of a poem of Forster's friend Cavafy, "The God Abandons Antony", which intimates the elegiac and memory-laden experience which the city represents both historically and to many, personally, forming a link to the methodical and eminently useful Guide.

As if this were not enough, there is another, even more fundamental problem to overcome. Tindall herself says that the Hindu attitude to the death of humans also applies to the death of buildings, which is a pity, for there is no professional novelist interested. There is, in fact, only one of time, which means that - at least until relatively recently - people and towns characteristically have little sense of history as a series of developing, interrelating events. The past exists as a massive, amorphous "Then", in which the lives of particular places, communities, and individuals disappear without trace.

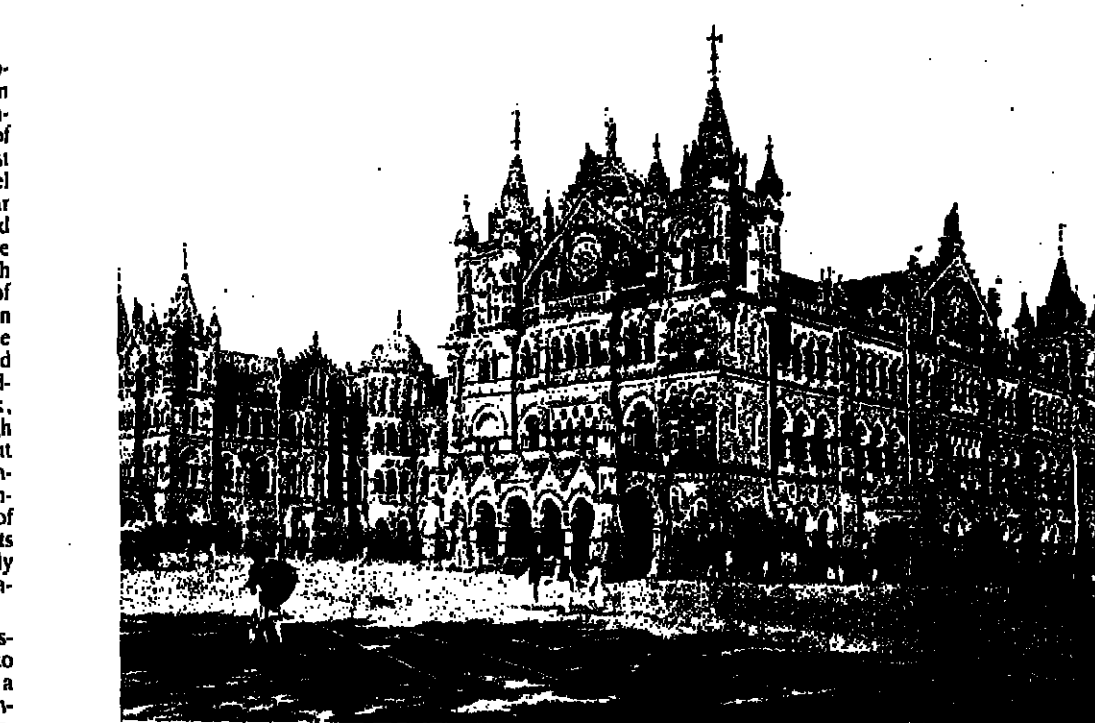
Gillian Tindall approaches these obstacles to the success of her book with tactful good sense. She admits them - or most of them - and then works within their boundaries. The result is a biography which achieves evocation in favour of well-researched facts, but which always enlivens them with sympathy and enthusiasm. Her "European methods of historical inquiry" demand that she begin at the beginning and progress systematically to the present day, but the pace of the narrative is varied by the interpolation of appropriate parallels - on the Paris, for instance, of

the Jews - and is never distorted by the Western Romantic notion that towns are inevitably corrupt. "Urban sprawl", she says, "in spite of its pejorative name, is not a social sickness.... a strong case can be made out for the town as the vitalizing, generative agent for the countryside." Bombay, for all its appalling poverty, is an ideal instance to prove her case, 40 per cent of India's maritime trade passes through it, it is the biggest cloth market in the world, and much the largest centre for employment and opportunities in western India. If it did not exist it would have to be invented.

In a special sense, of course, Bombay was invented. What the British tongue of land twelve miles long and occupied by about 8 million people, was originally a group of seven islands. The Portuguese were the first to realize their potential importance for trade, but had to surrender the advantage in 1665, when Charles II married Catherine of Braganza, and inherited the islands as part of a job lot. Almost at once, to solve a financial embarrassment, he sold it to the East India Company, in whose care it remained for the next 200-odd years. To start with, only moderate improvements were made, partly because the Portuguese were slow to vacate their position, partly because the islands were harassed by pirates, and partly because the East India Company's local interests were concentrated elsewhere, at Surat. Although various plans were laid and buildings erected - notably by Gerald Aungier, the Governor during the 1670s - it was only in the next century that the town became an acknowledged centre.

By the mid-eighteenth century it was still possible for the islands, in spite of the malarial water which divided them, to seem "a delicate garden, voided to be the pleasantest in India". But as the volume of trade increased, the islands became more and more crowded, and the houses and shacks of swarming, proliferating communities whose lives resist orthodox historical analysis. Yet while Bombay, like many other Indian cities, has done so much to shake off the cloak of English life which was draped upon it, and emerge as an independent entity, many of its characteristics are still recognizably European and specifically Victorian. "Paradoxically," Tindall writes, "it is now only in places like Bombay that the quintessential British nineteenth-century city exists." It is a nineteenth-century-style poverty that Bombay suffers, and a nineteenth-century-style prosperity that benefits it, in spite of its own convulsions of modernity. Tindall's "European methods" describe this extraordinary, beguiling, chaotic blend of the new and the ancient, the familiar and the strange, with a scholarly composure. No matter how much she has reflected it, she has not held herself aloof from what Nalpal calls "the complex inextricable life that mingles response and burial even the idea of inquiry".

The East India Company did a great deal to create the industrial base of Bombay life; their legislative functions were often ill-defined or neglected. And during the late eighteenth century, when the millennialist hopes began to regulate Company practice, it also began to curb Company power. The so-called "India Mutiny" of 1857 guaranteed that the vestiges of control were passed on to the Crown. By this time the att-



Victoria Terminus, Bombay, the headquarters of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, designed by F. W. Stevens, 1878; reproduced from the book reviewed below.

The quintessential past

By Andrew Motion

GILLIAN TINDALL:
City of Gold
The Biography of Bombay
267pp. Temple Smith. £11.50.
0 85117 215 9

In his grippingly disillusioned book *India: A Wounded Civilization*, V. S. Naipaul claims that "European methods of historical inquiry, arising out of one kind of civilization, with its own developing ideas of the human condition, cannot be applied to Indian civilization; they mislead too much". Although Gillian Tindall does not refer to Naipaul in her biography of Bombay, *City of Gold*, she is well aware of the implications of this remark. She realizes that to impose too strict an order on a city which evolved - as most cities do - only partly by conscious design is to risk misrepresenting its character. She understands, too, the limitations of using Western methods to comprehend the human forces which shaped it. While the history of Bombay depends in many respects on the history of the British presence there, its innate Indian qualities have always been irrefragable. Time and again the English traveller comes across what seem to be familiar bureaucratic systems, designs and terminology, only to find that they have been adapted and made strange by indigenous demands. This creates a sense of oddness and dislocation which often excites novelists and poets, but it presents obvious problems for the historian: nothing is quite what it seems at first sight.

As if this were not enough, there is another, even more fundamental problem to overcome. Tindall herself says that the Hindu attitude to the death of humans also applies to the death of buildings, which is a pity, for there is no professional novelist interested. There is, in fact, only one of time, which means that - at least until relatively recently - people and towns characteristically have little sense of history as a series of developing, interrelating events. The past exists as a massive, amorphous "Then", in which the lives of particular places, communities, and individuals disappear without trace.

Gillian Tindall approaches these obstacles to the success of her book with tactful good sense. She admits them - or most of them - and then works within their boundaries. The result is a biography which achieves evocation in favour of well-researched facts, but which always enlivens them with sympathy and enthusiasm. Her "European methods of historical inquiry" demand that she begin at the beginning and progress systematically to the present day, but the pace of the narrative is varied by the interpolation of appropriate parallels - on the Paris, for instance, of

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Forced destinies

By Stephen Koss

JEAN GOODMAN:
The Mond Legacy
A Family Saga
272pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£11.50.
0 297 78055 7

After etching a sensitive portrait of Edward Seago from "the other side of the canvas", Jean Goodman cast about for her next literary project. Her initial impulse was to write a biography of Seago's patron, Henry Mond (the 2nd Baron Melchett), the post-industrialist who proved his devotion to Zionism by submitting to the Covenant of Abraham. Peter Melchett, Henry's grandson and the 4th Baron, instead persuaded her to undertake "a family saga" of *tous les Mondes*. Respectfully identified as a "radical peer", who does not believe in inherited titles and who has protected his own progeny from that fate by string them outside wedlock, young Peter (born in 1948) has variously demonstrated his capacity for bold ideas. His advice to Goodman, however, ought to have been resisted.

This time, she has crowded her canvas with diverse figures from more than six generations, and the shifting backgrounds have forced her to resort to some crudely impressionistic brushwork. Neither the acknowledged assistance she received from the family, consisting of interviews and access to unpublished correspondence, nor the secondary sources on which she heavily relies are uniformly sufficient to her purpose. Attempting more than she could have reasonably hoped to accomplish, she substitutes imagination for scholarship, and anecdotes for analysis. The result is a chatty, well-intentioned book, which does not grapple — as the Mondes themselves did — with complexities of circumstance and ideas.

Family history is notoriously difficult to write, whether from outside or within. Goodman compounds the problem by the ambivalence of her vantage-point and, still more, by her seemingly limited facility with ritual, science, economics, and political structure. Determined to see the Mondes as the custodians of a "legacy", which she breathlessly celebrates, she further diminishes their significance by first dabbling them with whitewash and then coating them with treacle.

As a dynasty, the Mondes qualify for the multi-dimensional treatment that S. G. Checkland masterfully accorded to the early Gladstones or Lord David Cecil to his later forerunners. They were strong-minded men and women, usually aggressively

ambitious, and sometimes militantly iconoclastic. They reacted against each other as much as against successive social constraints, and were adept at exploiting opportunities. Their philanthropy was legendary, though, as Goodman reveals, their finances were often strained. From one generation to the next, and even concurrently, they varied in their ideological attachments, religious and racial perceptions, and degrees of aesthetic refinement.

Ludwig Mond, co-founder of the chemical works that was to become a parent firm of ICI, dominates the group portrait. His "almost obsessive interest in politics", manifested by the red tie he sported during the revolutions of 1848, had faded by the time of his arrival in England in 1862. His Anglophile mother, curiously inspired by the success story of Disraeli, supposedly discerned racial barriers on the horizon and therefore connived at his emigration. "I shall go to London and see if I cannot force my destiny," Ludwig proclaimed to an aunt after a preliminary sojourn among the Dutch, "an awful people". Truth to tell, he entertained the same objections to the English and their dank climate. But he soon met the Brunner brothers, Henry and John, whose commercial contacts and meagre reserves of capital made it possible for him to introduce and perfect the sulphur-recovery process, licensed by the Solvays, that he had brought with him from the Continent. Ludwig, if not his young wife, was thereafter largely oblivious to his surroundings.

He accompanied John Brunner to hear Gladstone in 1868, but declined to endorse his partner's Liberal candidacy in 1885. "He did not begrudge Brunner a political career," insists Goodman, "but because he could not support the Liberal policy one of the main topics of conversation between them lapsed." As Irish Home Rule had not yet reared its head, it is not clear which "Liberal policy" was the stumbling-block. Goodman lends too much credence to Ludwig's "socialism", ascribing to it enlightened employment practices which derived more logically from Brunner's radicalism. Alfred Mond, Ludwig's younger son, realized as much, and followed Brunner — at a distance — into Parliament. He joined the Liberals, he told his father, because of the paucity of "clever men" in their ranks. From start to finish, Alfred's career at Westminster was one of amug miscalculation.

Rector Bollitho, who published a life of Alfred Mond (1st Baron Melchett) in 1933, was said to have regretted that he had not chosen Ludwig as his subject. Of all the Mondes, Alfred (spurred on by his wife) was the least attractive, and Goodman merely accentuates his de-

ficiencies by striving to discount them. His guttural speech was the least of his handicaps. "Vails for the Veilch" was not, as reported here, his "much-quoted slogan" at Salford in 1900, but the mocking cat-call of his opponents at Swansea later on. Described by Lady Astor, who never minced words, as "the ugliest man in the House of Commons", Alfred was certainly among the most relentlessly self-seeking. He impressed Margot Asquith, but not her husband, who denied him a ministerial appointment. Lloyd George, with a generosity born of desperation, made him Minister of Health in 1921. Contrary to Goodman's impression, it was not a victory for progressive reform. After the fall of the coalition, he reverted to tactics of playing off Asquith against Lloyd George, proffering his allegiance to the higher bidder. Early in 1926, ostensibly to counterbalance Lloyd George's drift to the left, he converted to Toryism. Lloyd George likened him to Judas, "another notorious member of his race". Sir Oswald Mosley, disclaiming such anti-Semitism, extolled

Alfred as the ideal Jew; their relationship goes unmentioned here. It would have been easier to understand Alfred, and perhaps even to sympathize with him, had the author elucidated the background to his predicament. There are two fleeting references to the Mond-Turner conference in 1927, inexplicably designated "the pinnacle of his public career", with proportionately more attention being given to his house-keeping arrangements and his friendship with Lillah McCarthy. "Like Ludwig, Alfred despised small talk and gossip," we are told, "yet he differed from his father in his love of familial trivia." From that, one may assume that he would have disliked the chapters about himself, but enjoyed those about his heirs.

Alfred's son Henry had attended Ludwig at his death bed. "We all hope that Henry will make himself necessary," were the patriarch's last words. Henry, who formally undid his baptism, heeded this injunction in ways that Ludwig could not have anticipated, much less approved.

Purveyor to the presses

By T. C. Barker

W. J. READER:
Bowler
A History
426pp. Cambridge University Press.
£24.
0 521 24165

This book is as much a tribute to Sir Eric Bowler as a history of the remarkable international conglomerate which he contrived to build up between the mid-1920s and his death in 1962. A fairly frequent visitor to the tables at Le Touquet at one time, he was a gambler by instinct. He took enormous risks on the company's behalf with borrowed money. At the same time, his commanding presence, deep voice and piercing stare induced respect in many (including, apparently, his creditors) and terrified not a few. He was fortunate to operate in a branch of business, newspaper, for which demand increased even during the worst interwar years. Under his very personal leadership Bowler was by the early 1930s making one-fifth of Britain's newspaper. By the time of his death it was producing a tenth of the western world's vastly greater output, besides other types of paper and paper-based products. Shareholders of the 1950s will recall with nostalgia his splendidly stage-managed performances at Sittingbourne or elsewhere, to which they had been invited in specially chartered Pullman trains.

But by the time of his retirement, in 1961, he had overreached himself. He had gambled for too long on the ever-increasing UK demand for newspaper and his touch in the recently formed BEC was not so sure as it had been in North America. The valiant efforts of Sir Christopher Chantelery and others to decentralize "Vegetarian" and rebuild the Bowler Paper Corporation during the past two decades — the word "paper" was significantly dropped from the title in 1972 — are ingeniously compressed into a thirty-page epilogue but are, quite understandably, not the author's main concern.

Not are the forty years or so before young Eric Bowler came to impress his ability upon the older members of the family. The firm had been started by his grandfather as a London selling agency for provincial paper manufacturers and as a dealer in waste paper. A hard-drinking and thoroughly disagreeable man, the founder coined money but made life miserable for the three of his sons who became his partners. One of these made a name in the City, received a knighthood, became Lord Mayor in 1913, and was later an MP.

Another was knighted in 1920. W. V. Bowler & Sons, which produced a pre-tax profit of under £400,000 a year in the early 1920s, may not have been a large business; but its family directors were already not without personal standing in the world's financial capital.

Eric Bowler's original wish for an army career was brought to a sudden end in 1915 when he found himself buried alive in a dugout. A near-miss had killed two fellow officers and left him trapped underground in the pitch darkness until he was rescued eighteen hours later. He went about on crutches for about three years until a leading neurologist demonstrated to him that his ailment was psychological, not physical. This, in Eric Bowler's view, was a shameful state of affairs and needed to be remedied. According to W. J. Reader, the shell-burst wrecked his military ambitions and directed the force of his imperious personality against his earlier inclinations, into the family business. The company had planned to go into manufacturing before the war but it was not until the mid-1920s that Bowler's Paper Mills Ltd was created to put up a newspaper factory on a site at Northfleet. Eric Bowler was at hand to take charge.

The financing of this venture, in which Armstrong, Whitworth, struggling to diversify out of armaments, was to play a part, was associated with another paper-mill and electrical installation which that company was building for the Newfoundland Power & Paper Company at Corner Brook: Bowler was to have the selling agency, and Eric Bowler was on the board. When Armstrong, Whitworth got into difficulties and the Northfleet mill was endangered, Bowler conducted a clever rescue operation but only at the cost of losing control to Lord Rothermere, head of the Hamsbury newspaper group, though Bowler himself (then aged thirty-two) took over as chairman. As well as managing director, of both W. V. Bowler and Bowler's Paper Mills, Lord Beaverbrook also gave his support and made possible Bowler's second newspaper mill, opened in 1930 at Ellesmere Port in Cheshire to supply the northern press.

Bowler, having been given his chance as quite a young man, enjoyed a long run of good fortune. During which he rarely lost a trick. When Rothermere needed capital elsewhere in 1932, he recovered control of his company, outwitting Beaverbrook. In the process — no mean feat. When, in 1936, the older and larger Edward Lloyd Mills at Sittingbourne were offered to him, he boldly raised the capital needed. British consumption of newspaper per head of population was then the highest in the world, and Bowler's

Jean Goodman, who was attracted to him in the first instance, depicts him and his wife Gwen with emphatic warmth. She has a harder time of their son Julian and his wife Sonia, lavishing too much space on their equestrian pursuits and medical upsets. "A fairy-tale couple, perennially young", Julian and Sonia are romanticized accordingly. The protracted description of Julian's fatal swim at Majorca reads embarrassingly like a discarded fragment from an Iris Murdoch novel. Could they really have played Handel's "Water Music" at his memorial service?

All the Mondes, whether their invariably "sparkling" eyes are blue or brown, are credited "with vision ahead of their time", although Julian's was admittedly "never quite worked out". The dislocations of the British steel industry testify to that. This book, not so much uncritical as unquestioning, will make a nice Christmas or Chanukkah present for family intimates. *The Mond Legacy*, however, is not up to the artistic quality of the Mond Bequest.

product fetched good prices at a time when raw material costs were encouragingly low. When they rose in 1937, Eric Bowler returned to Newfoundland to buy forests. The Newfoundland authorities demanded that he should also process some of the timber in their country and this introduced to the scene that now familiar figure on Britain's interior industrial scene, Frater Taylor, the Bank of England's company doctor. The British government had earlier guaranteed debt-free stock of the Power & Paper Company at Corner Brook and he was the Bank's representative on its board. This expert in rationalization persuaded Bowler to buy the equity of Corner Brook instead of merely putting down a sulphite pulp mill, thus establishing the company as a manufacturer in the more rapidly growing newspaper market of North America. This, in its turn, led to further vast developments in Tennessee in the 1950s, financed yet again by heavy borrowing and gambling on the prospect of good future profit.

In the United Kingdom after 1945, diversification into wallboard and other building materials based on paper, packaging (increasingly important with the spread of supermarkets) and tissues (50:50 with Scott Paper of America) also brought in good profits, which were in due course to offset the failure of the British newspaper industry to continue its headlong growth. This volume provides an unusual perspective upon the affluent society as well as upon trends in the media.

The author, who already has a series of highly regarded company histories to his credit, culminating in his splendid two-volume work on ICI, has here been confronted with an unusually difficult and complex assignment. On the one hand there is the colourful personality of Sir Eric Bowler, surely a gift to any writer; but we are allowed to see only his business face (and not too much of that), with one or two tantalizing glimpses of his private life, though this is evidently of some relevance to our fuller understanding of the story. On the other hand, the company's heavy borrowing in expectation of future profit inevitably entails long stretches of text and table on financial matters, a terrible challenge to the ablest writer. Given these two disadvantages, the first of which may have stemmed from the nature of his commission and the second of which certainly did, Dr Reader has again scored a considerable triumph. He never fails to relate Bowler to his economic and social background, and in doing so he has now seasoned research team have made good use of Bank of England, Beaverbrook, Northcliffe and Reid (Newfoundland) records as well as the extensive archives of the Bowler business itself. Sir Eric would have been pleased.

Predestined to preserve

By Michael Davie

JOHN MORTIMER:
Clinging to the Wreckage
A Part of Life
280pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£10.50.
0 297 78010 7

The title of this slice of autobiography, by the celebrated QC and inventor of Rumpole, evidently refers to the way he has clung to the wreckage of the middle-class values with which he was brought up. An obligation to try to change the world was not one of them. The opening scene of *Clinging to the Wreckage* is set in 1971, which is when John Mortimer's name first became generally known to the non-playing public. He had been briefed for the defence in the Oz trial. Richard Neville, a young Australian, and "vaguely liberated school-children" had published a "School-kids" version of Oz magazine and were subsequently prosecuted at the Old Bailey in an exotic trial that lasted for six weeks. At the time, as Neville and his co-defendants dressed up in gym slips and blonde wigs and children waved provocative banners in the street, Mortimer was seen as a leading light of the avant-garde, a champion of the rights of school-children to publish rude drawings of Rupert Bear. The reputation stuck.

Looking back, Mortimer finds Flower Power and Children's Lib and the Alternative Society as remote as the Middle Ages. "What, I now wonder, did everyone think was going on?" He supposes, with a touch of *de haut en bas*, that school-kids of the 60s are now driving Ford Cortinas with a nodding don in the window or holding down tough jobs as chartered accountants. (Richard Neville is back in Australia, where he told Clive James in a recent television interview that he valued the material pleasures of Sydney.) Mortimer himself makes it plain that he had no particular sympathy for whatever improbable dreams of liberation filled the heads of Neville and his supporters, though no particular hostility, either. Later on, Kenneth Tynan, when he conceived the idea of *Oh, Calcutta!*, invited Mortimer to give the project legal advice. Mortimer does not say what advice he gave, but he does say that the show made him regret that he had not stuck to writing. His defence of homosexual magazines, or books prosecuted for obscenity, had

nothing to do with any Tynesque zeal for the promotion of sexual diversity or pornography; he specialized in such cases for a time simply because "the attempts of the law to control the written word seemed to me dangerous and likely to put our Courts of Justice in a somewhat ridiculous light". The law in question, he thought, was unfortunate not only because it attacks free speech, but because it is "unnecessary and inoperable".

Mortimer is not a strong believer in Free Will. His father, by now familiar to millions through Mortimer's direct (*A Voyage Round My Father*) and indirect (Rumpole) descriptions of him, was a deeply English figure, sceptical about God and love, and temperamentally inclined to dodge as many of life's problems as possible. Mortimer is equally sceptical about God (the most he is prepared to admit to is "a sense of wonder"), though less sceptical about love, and he is no stranger to problems, especially those caused by finances and matrimony. But the main difference between the two men perhaps is that the son found a way of dealing with his problems (including his father) by becoming a novelist and playwright. "Writing down events is the writer's great protection, his defence and his safety-valve. Anger and misery, defeat, humiliation and self-disgust can be changed and used to provide a sense of achievement as he fills his pages".

His father's sense of achievement, outside his legal practice, came from his garden, twenty acres of chalky fields near Henley in which he planned huge herbaceous borders and fruit cages of loganberries and melons. His wife, "whose life went underground when she married my father," kept a diary in which she would record the progress of the garden, adding occasional afterthoughts about the marriage or divorce of her son. Mortimer now lives in his parents' house; the book ends with an account of how, after his parents' death, he took possession of the house on a winter's day, and wondered how the overgrown garden "might be put back in time" to the days when he used to sit beside his father's hammock and read aloud the Sherlock Holmes stories his father already knew by heart.

The main underlying theme of *Clinging to the Wreckage* is filial affection: the wish to preserve, not to destroy, his father's disappearing world. Describing his parents, Mortimer's writing has a special veracity and force. Living in his house, sitting in his father's old chair, he re-

mains intensely interested by them, perhaps in part because, in the English middle-class manner, they were always, with their son, intensely reticent — until his mother died. Mortimer did not know that she secretly wrote short stories. Most of the rest of the book is determinedly entertaining, self-deprecating, and anecdotal about his not especially dramatic life, with brief accounts of celebrities he has met — John Osborne, Peter Sellers, Dylan Thomas — and descriptions of amorous exploits.

Mortimer's determination to avoid stodginess sometimes leads him astray. What is unusual about him is not his readiness to spill the beans about his private life but his readiness to spill the beans about the law. Most lawyers are cautious by nature and rarely write about their profession with candour, wishing to preserve the horsehair wigs and air of mystery. Mortimer both hates the law and loves it. He is no longer, one imagines, dependent on the Bar for a livelihood. When in *Clinging to the Wreckage*, he describes the art of advocacy, or the nature of judges, or the importance of the down-at-heel Rumpoles in the preservation of our liberties, he is doing what he alone, apparently, is able or willing to do. The glimpses of other lawyers, or solicitors' managing clerks, or the members of the Court of Appeal are more original than those of Trevor Howard or Sam Spiegel. Perhaps Mortimer will now consider stretching his considerable talents by writing the book he certainly has in him about the legal system and its practitioners, without worrying too much about whether it is entertaining or not.

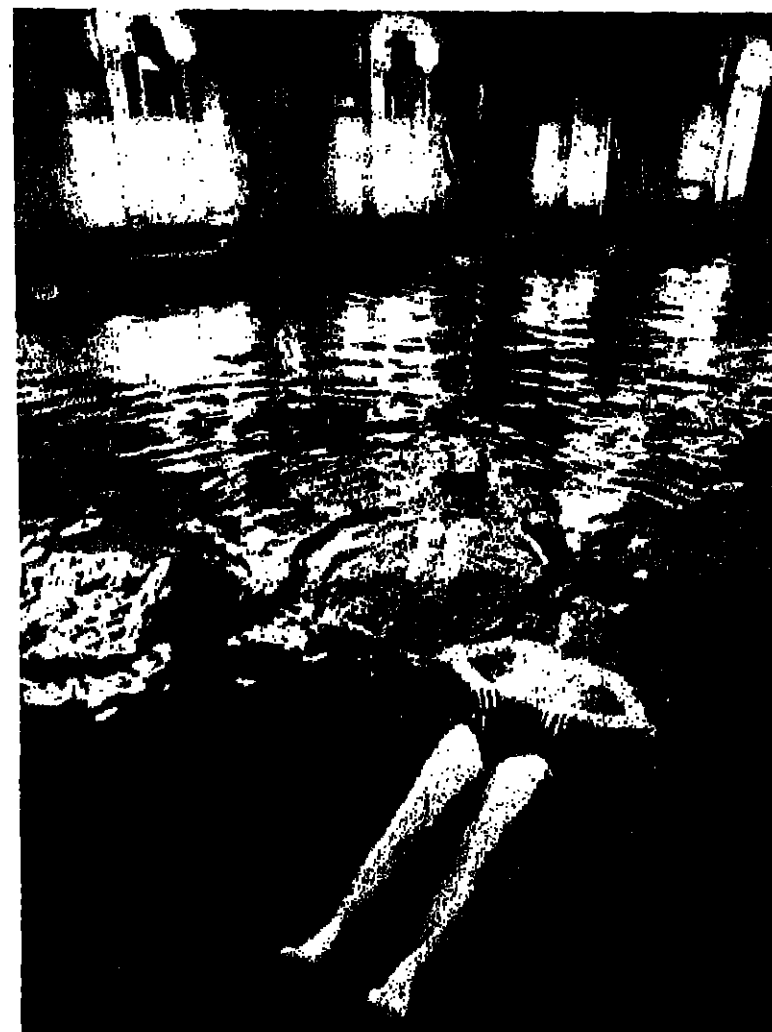
The ones in between

By Victoria Glendinning

IAN BRADLEY:
The English Middle Classes Are Alive and Kicking
240pp. Collins. £5.95.
0 00 216276 8

The survival of the middle classes is in some sense inevitable: so long as there is any pecking order at all, and so long as society has its richer and its poorer, there will be what Belloc called "the People in Between". In England, progressive taxation and the Welfare State have fattened this middle band. Ian Bradley, to give his book body and backbone, runs dutifully over the history and development of the English middle classes from the merchants of the Middle Ages to 1981; and his personal view is that their continued existence — presumably he means as at present constituted — "is vital to our survival as a civilized society".

An early point that he makes, rightly, is that "there are at least as many varieties of middle classness as there are different newspapers" being read by computers on the 8.23. Typical readers of *The Times*, *The Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail* or *Express* and the *Guardian* represent different and often mutually incompatible or antagonistic sets of values. Mr Bradley characterizes these groupings with humour and accuracy — but so could any of the commentators of the old working class into the middle class as a result of improved pay and education, but about the adoption of traditional working-class survival techniques by the middle class — clericalism and professionalism, unionized civil servants go on strike while the leap-frogging pay claims of manual workers to preserve differentials "hardly suggests that the middle classes have the monopoly of selfishness and competitiveness". Em-bourgeoisement on the one hand, and proletarianization on the other, have made that section of society which thinks of itself as middle-class so broad as to be almost meaningless, though Bradley would not agree. In the 1950s and 60s it really seemed to many people that a "classless" society was on the way, but it didn't happen: the subdivisions and



That floating feeling. A view of a brine bath, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, from Ian Bradley's superb collection of photographs, *The English* (103pp. Allen Lane, £5.95. 0 7139 3).

status intangibles proliferate still.

In a recent article in the *Guardian* (March 1, 1982) Jeremy Seabrook in-vents the term "middle-classness" to describe the chaos in the Labour Party, as a result of the gradual transformation of traditional Labour voters over the past thirty years. Labour leaders accepted the sweets of capitalism in good faith, to improve the living conditions of the rank-and-file: in the process the Socialist dream receded into folklore. The job came to seem "not the antagonists of the poor, but the model of what the poor would like to be". Seabrook attributed this transformation to "the wonderful flexibility of capital"; but rather, I think, it is a reflection of human acquisitiveness and an innate, corporate English aspiration to middle-classness. The language of separatism in British industry, with separate washrooms and dining-rooms for management, who may also have hefty financial perks and, at the top, meaninglessly high salaries — could not survive for five minutes if it were not subconsciously condoned, even approved of and aspired to, by most of the workforce.

Our new Japanese masters may change some of this; the angry groundswell on the Labour left and in the inner cities may change more. But it is like shifting the rock of ages. Speaking of which, Bradley has an inflated idea of the Church of England's social and moral significance. He cites with satisfaction the one and a half million who attend its services on Sunday; but what is the population of England? He is wrong too on smaller points, as when he says it is "rare to hear a working-class accent" on Robin Day's "Question Time". Perhaps not often, from the panel; but from the audience, who make the programme, all the time and with great articulacy and feeling.

Bradley's rather complacent book, while providing endless matter for discussion and argument, leaves a deposit of unease. The idea of middle-classness may be taken as read; it may no longer be very useful. With growing unemployment and the new post-industrial world about upon us, perhaps new structures and some lateral thinking on the shaping of English society. The conceptual cake may have to be divided in a new way.

WEGotistical

By Roy Foster

JOHN BROOKE and MARY SORENSON
(Eds.)
The Prime Ministers' Papers Series
W. E. Gladstone
1968-1894
Autobiographical Memoranda
1898-1894
166pp. HMSO. £15.
0 11 440113 6

In 1930 the Gladstone papers were conveyed to the British Museum by horse and rail because their custodian did not wish to take the risk of fire in a motor vehicle, which is symbolic of the obsessive care devoted to the great collection. Volume IV of the "Autobiographical Memoranda", the last instalment of a useful if rather recondite undertaking, deserves recognition if only for an appendix by R. J. Olney, providing a lucid history of the papers and their dispersal.

arrangement of the material at least gives cause for speculation about new conjunctions. In high-political parlour-games (was Granville as ennobled as Gladstone presented him as being over the Irish Church Bill? What exactly was Disraeli playing at in 1873? The Queen emerges looking nearly as disingenuous as her great adversary, punctilious about her constitutional position where it suited her (the Irish Church again), aggressively careless where it did not (Clarendon's appointment to the Foreign Office, Home Rule). The "Police of Wales" is reported on by Carnarvon in the same sense. Some of the more opaque figures in the churchy circle advance a little from the wings (notably the 15th Earl of Derby and no less notably his wife). Also immortalized are Gladstone's own records of how he slept and his estimates of attendance at his political meetings. These confirm what is testified to by the very fact of his indelible docketing and preservation of all these memoranda and minutes, how, amidst all the distractions of his busy political and intellectual life, he remained the object of endless and passionate interest in himself.

The mantle of Tradition

By Michael Mason

KATHLEEN RAINE:

The Human Face of God
William Blake and the Book of Job
320pp. 130 illustrations. Thames and
Hudson, £20.
0 500 23334 9

As Geoffrey Keynes points out in his autobiography, it took a long time for Blake scholars to hit on the idea that his illustrations to Job might not be straightforward representations of that biblical text. Blake's claim to read the Bible "in its infernal or diabolical sense" had been resoundingly uttered at the close of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell", but even Swinburne – of the early critics the readiest to discern and welcome "heresy" in the poems and illustrations – thought that "his specialities of belief or sentiment hardly show in this series at all". Their distinction lay rather in their being "more lucid and dramatic in effect than perhaps any of Blake's works".

It is clear what Swinburne had in mind: Blake's gift for developing extraordinary compositional ideas, whatever one may think of their execution – the gift which sells thousands of poster reproductions of "The Ancient of Days" – is put forward with great intensity in the *Job* series. Of the twenty-one designs at least two-thirds show this ability: each a riveting deployment of forms, and each entirely distinct. So the *Job* illustrations are "dramatic" in Swinburne's sense, and everyone seems to have agreed that they were also "lucid" until 1910, when Joseph Wicksteed published his commentary on them. He detected a good deal in the way of an informal reading of Job, and since then these designs have been drawn into a fundamental Blake controversy, or body of parallel controversies, which has been rumbling on for over a century: mystic versus humanist, allegorist versus literal describer of man and society, apocalyptic writer versus revolutionary, and so on.

There is actually a very direct link between the *Job* designs and Blake's pronouncement about his manner of reading scripture, though it is one which is curiously hard to assess, and which offers an ambiguous comfort to either party. Earlier in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" Blake famously asserts that Reason, the "bound or outward circumstance" of Energy (which is "the only life" and "Eternal Delight"), is the Messiah of Paradise Lost. But, he continues, "in the Book of Job, Milton's Messiah is call'd Satan." This sounds surprising, an infernal piece of exegesis if ever there was one; but, of course, Job – as early as its sixth verse – does indeed tell us that Satan was one of the Sons of God. Still, even if the reading is not subversive, the implication might be – if Blake had depicted Satan as a "restrainer" in his *Job* illustrations. But he didn't. Whenever Satan appears in the designs he is quite obviously a figure of delighted energy; he is, in fact, Milton's Satan.

So the disputants, folled of a result in the first round, have to shift the argument to other features of the series: the depiction of Jehovah, for instance, or (in the engraved version) the biblical texts distributed in the margins. Since Wicksteed there have been several complete commentaries. Kathleen Raine's is the longest yet, and also by far the most explicit in its association with a particular position in the controversy. Raine's ideas about Blake, which are firmly on the mystical-allegorical-apocalyptic side, were first given an extensive statement in her *Blake and Tradition* (1968). The contrast with David Erdman's *Blake: Prophet against Empire* (1954) brought the old argument about the broad character of Blake's thought to a particularly sharp focus at this period. Raine has now taken the opportunity to argue for her view of Blake once again. The aim of the new commentary is candidly "not so much to provide another guide to the *Job* engravings" as to use them as the point of entry into "the most significant work which runs through the whole of Blake's work".

The "Job engravings", there is a significance in this way of stating the project. Blake engraved the designs in the years 1823-6, shortly before his death. This closing period of his life yields some of the best support for the mystical account of Blake's beliefs: especially in the form of certain annotations and recorded remarks. Raine naturally makes much of the Crab Robinson diary entries. But it won't do to associate the *Job* plates so narrowly with this phase.

As Raine well knows, the designs have a much longer history: they were originally worked out, in some thing very like their engraved form, as watercolours for Thomas Butts around 1805. This takes us a long way back, towards a Blake whose statements are much more difficult to harmonize with the mystical account: to the Blake of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell", "America", "Europe", "Visions of the Daughters of Albion", "The Book of Urizen" – in other words, texts on which the critics who stress the humanist and social reformer in Blake would rest their case.

A new, or newly emphasized, element in Raine's picture of Blake is Swedenborg. He said some Swedenborgian-sounding things to Crab Robinson, and Raine finds Swedenborgian themes in the *Job* designs: certain disparaging remarks about "withstandings". These remarks are less easily withstood when the true chronology is borne in mind. The statements about Job's Satan in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" may be a difficulty for both parties, but Raine's view that Blake's image of him "is a development from the earlier figure of Urizen" won't survive a glance at the way the latter is represented in his eponymous book of 1794 (and anyway, even if Blake had done nothing towards the portrait of Satan as a leaping young man on the second *Job* plate until the very end of his life, it would still be a clear descendant of the figure on page three of "Urizen", who is an antitype to Urizen himself). "The Ancient of Days" constitutes the frontispiece to "Europe" (also 1794) and seems to be echoed in the deity figure in Plate Fifteen of *Job*, both visually and thematically (the plate concerns the Creation). For Raine, again swimming against the evidence, this is the living God, although he is mobile and downward-tending – than in his manifestation in "Europe".

It is interesting that this comparison with "The Ancient of Days" was first proposed by Foster Damon; an important figure in Blake studies who certainly inclined to the mystical side, and whom Raine admires. This is not the only Jehovah image they part company on. The glowing, armless effigy in Plate Nine is "Jesus" for Raine, and "nightmare" for Damon. In her introduction Raine explains her disagreement, at such points, with the older scholar:

What neither Foster Damon nor anyone else of his generation of scholars had understood is that Blake was working within a tradition from which are derived both his teachings and the symbolic language in which these are embodied. This Tradition communicates a universal, metaphysical knowledge in a symbolic language which, with dialectal variations, is world-wide and comprehensible to all those who possess the necessary understanding – and this is a spiritual understanding.

This is the claim familiar from *Blake and Tradition*, emphatically reiterated, but still hard to pin down. The point about "tradition" at first seems clear enough, since Damon did think that Blake was an innovator of biblical texts; but why does the word "irreprehensibly" describe a capital? "In the next sentence?" What is the status of this wisdom? To what extent is the Neoplatonic idea, or any other systematic line of inheritance, intended?

Above all, how universal is the "knowledge" and how small the group that understands it? Is the "symbolic language" the only "modern language"? There is a hesitation between the exoteric and the esoteric.

and it affects Raine's view of that important issue. Blake's interpretation of the Bible, it must have been infernal, Wicksteed is important – nevertheless, scripture cannot really have been revised by Blake: "Blake was... a prophet with a message to deliver to the modern West very different from any prophecy delivered to Israel. Yet not wholly different, since human nature is ever the same."

This wobbly pair of sentences touches on Raine's deepest concern in her Blake scholarship, and makes vivid the logic of its blend of the allegedly secret and the allegedly universal – which is simply the logic of the utopian sect. "The modern West" is a phrase of our times, not of Blake's. Raine believes she has inherited Blake's mantle; she is assisting an immanent transformation of our rationalist, philosophically materialist culture which Blake was

A mere tankard of drollery

By Christopher Hill

JOHN MILLAR WANDS (Translator and Editor):

Another World and Yet the Same
Bishop Joseph Hall's Mundus Alter et Idem
230pp. Yale University Press, £19.25.
0 300 02613 7

As a Cambridge don Joseph Hall published in 1599 a volume of verse satires, in which he proclaimed himself the first English satirist. This book had the distinction of being burnt at the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Yet Hall went on to a very respectable career as clergyman and bishop, prolonging into the header days of Laud the tradition of moderate episcopacy which derived from Elizabeth's Archbishop Grindal.

He had the fatal gift of being fluent but with nothing novel to say. The twelve large volumes of his *Works* resound with platitudes, often neatly expressed. He exhorts the poor to be contented, the rich to be good. "The way not to repine at those above us," he reasoned, "is to look at those below." "Equality had no place either in earth or in hell; we have no reason to seek it in heaven." He had a winning way with London congregations: "Now we tell you, from him whose title is Rich in Mercy, that you may be at once rich and holy." "Not civility only but religion binds us to good husbandry." Yet there is an occasional telling phrase; "If it were not for the loaves and fishes, the train of Christ would be less." "God cannot endure a logician." He speaks with disapproval of the man who "muzzles millions of Indians, to make room for Christianity." This might have been a cheap jibe against the Spaniards, the grapes being sour; but Hall admitted that the English claim that "our main motive... in our western plantations" was the conversion of the Indians would not bear investigation. He was capable of some sympathy for the underdog; in an eloquent passage he blamed social disorder on "the oppressing gentleman" who "encloses commons, depopulates villages, serves his tenants to death", rather than on "the poor souls" who are not "content to be quietly racked and spoiled".

Mundus Alter et Idem was published in 1605, in Latin, and anonymously. An English translation followed in 1609, also anonymously. By 1605 Hall had been a parson for four years, at Hasted, Essex (not Hasted, as John Millar Wands has it). Whether completed during his Cambridge days or not, the book is very much a dishonest *feu d'artifice*, and Hall the court preacher and bishop was anxious to forget it. The first public reference to his authorship came in an attack on Hall by Milton in 1642.

The work purported to be a description of Terra Australis Incognita, an unknown southern continent where contemporary European views are carried to horrifying excess – gluttony, drunkenness, allowing women to get uppity, democracy, Roman Catholicism, and a number of other things which Hall disliked. The book contains imaginary maps, and a main point of the joke is the elaborate naming of provinces and towns. Each name is an emulative pun in some classical or modern language, to which Hall himself delightfully draws attention in his footnotes and index. Thus Viraginia, virago land, contains Aphrodisia ("Lascivious Land"), Amazonia or Gynandria ("Land of Shrews") and so on. This may have seemed funny in the early seventeenth century; there were two Latin and two English editions. The latter was reprinted in 1937, with full critical apparatus, by Huntington Brown. So what is the purpose of the present edition?

Professor Wands is dissatisfied with Hesley's 1609 version, which may have been unauthorized. It might "perhaps be more accurately called an adaptation". "Almost every page contains one or more omissions, additions or mistranslations." Many of Hall's marginal notes are omitted, so that the reader cannot fully appreciate his learning; others are added, "elaborating the parallels between England and Terra Australis". Wands has made a new translation into modern English, and worked hard at adding to Huntington Brown's formidable annotations. If we were dealing with a literary classic, or a work important for the history of ideas, this would be fair enough; but we are not. Fifty-eight pages of introduction and seventy-four of commentary seem more than Hall's 126 pages (nine of them the facetious index) deserve.

One of Hall's objects was to satirize travellers' tales: we can learn more, he says, from staying at home and reading books. But his main point is to show how dreadful common vices can become when carried to excess. Senators are chosen in Artocropolis, metropolis of Pamphagonia in Crapulla, "not – as elsewhere – because of prudence, or riches, or the abundance of their beads, but because of the size of their stomachs". In Viraginia women not only wear trousers but also grow long beards, while men wear female clothing and stay at home spinning and weaving. Something interesting might have been made of the democratic government and perpetual Parliament of Viraginia; but Hall is saying only that women like talking all the time.

Hall's book was published in the year of Gunpowder Plot, and savage abuse of the Roman church runs all through it. The Pamphagotians, on religious grounds, gorge themselves for forty days on fish expensively cooked in wine and spices, etc. By contrast, in Morocopia, the Filo-Familias are the only "modern" literati; with a couple of "literate" pieces, the others come from the

early church. Again Hall's satire is of minimal relevance to his own time. Hall, a regular preacher, was against sin, and accepted conventional ideas of who were sinners – greedy lawyers, oppressing alchemists, flatterers, prodigals, tobacco smokers, plagiarists, poets claiming inspiration. The editor's comparison of Hall's squib with More's *Utopia* or Erasmus's *Praise of Folly* treats it far too seriously; the main common factor is that all were written in Latin, a language more old-fashionedly academic in Hall's day than a century earlier.

Wands praises Hall for his moderation, his adherence to the golden mean. But nothing is more dreary than the balanced nullity of sensible men. Such persons are boring enough in the present, but even worse in the past, since the wicked extremes they pillory are either today's commonplaces, or else they are so antiquated as to lack even historical interest. A good prose style may freshen past platitudes: but not in translated Latin.

Bishop Hall carried his fence-sitting, it is true, to admirably consistent lengths. He was a pluralist, but not outrageously so. For all his hostility to women, he deplored wife-beating. He believed in fairies and witches, but admitted that some alleged instances might be fraudulent. He thought the Second Coming was "near at hand", but disliked those who suggested it had already begun. His later career shows the misfortunes of the conventional moderate man in a revolutionary age. Favoured by the Calvinist James I, made a bishop in 1627, he was out of place when Laud came to dominate the church. (Wands is wrong to refer to Laud as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1627.) He got no promotion in the 1630s, and indeed was in trouble for allowing too much preaching, especially by Puritan clergy. He tried to trim his sails, eating a number of previously published works by issuing *Episcopacy by Divine Right*. The book was extensively blue-pencilled by Laud before he would authorize publication; and when it came out in February 1640 it was too late. The Long Parliament met nine months later and sent Laud to the Tower. Hall himself soon followed him. Typically he preached a sermon at court in Lent 1641 in which he proclaimed himself "a new ter", "on both sides".

Hall deserves to be remembered as a worthy, charitable man, an intelligent satirist, and a tolerable if inordinately long-winded writer of English prose. Milton was in general demonstrably unfair in his attack on him in 1642; he was grinding his own axe. But it is difficult to disagree with his rude dismissal of *Mundus Alter et Idem* as a book in which Hall "rambled over the huge topography of his own vain thoughts" brought home "a mere tankard of drollery". The bishop was right not to wish undue attention to be paid to this youthful piece of academic pedantry.

MICHAEL DUMMETT:

The Interpretation of Frege's Philosophy
621pp. Duckworth, £35.
0 7156 1450 9

Frege: Philosophy of Language
2nd edition

708pp. Duckworth, £35.
0 7156 0659 X

The German mathematician and philosopher Gottlob Frege (1848-1925) originated formal quantificational logic as we know it and propounded the thesis of "logicism", that all of mathematics can be reduced to logic, a thesis he came to abandon because of Russell's famous paradox concerning the class of all classes that do not belong to themselves. In working this out, Frege was also led to make various proposals concerning meaning. In particular, he introduced a controversial distinction between the sense and reference of an expression. The phrases "the number that follows ten" and "the fifth prime number" specify the same number, eleven, in different ways. According to Frege, the two expressions have the same reference but different senses, and that is why "the number that follows ten" equals the fifth prime number" can be informative in a way that "the fifth prime number equals the fifth prime number" is not informative.

In Frege's view, all well-formed expressions have both sense and reference. This is controversial, for one thing because it is intended to apply to a typical proper name, which does not obviously have a graspable sense in addition to its reference. Frege's view is also controversial, and quite obscure, in the further respect that it is intended to apply to a predicate, like "is round", which Frege takes to refer to a peculiarly unsaturated sort of thing, a "concept" rather than an "object". It is worth noting that he does not think that the predicate "is round" refers to roundness. Roundness is the sort of thing Frege calls an "object", because it can be referred to by singular terms, namely "roundness". According to him, the predicate "is round" refers to something that cannot be referred to by a singular term. Since, for Frege, the phrases "what 'is round' refers to" and "the concept 'is round'" would seem to be singular terms that refer to what "is round" refers to, he had great difficulty expressing this, and was led to say things readers have found quite puzzling, such as that the concept "is round" is not a concept.

Sometimes, according to Frege, an expression does not have its usual referent, for example in contexts governed by verbs like "believes" or adjectives like "aware". This, he thinks, explains the apparent failure in such contexts of the otherwise valid logical principle of the substitutivity of identity. Normally, "a = b" and "Fa" logically imply "Fb". But this is not so if "F..." is a context like "Albert is aware that eleven is...". The two claims, "the number which follows ten = the fifth prime number" and "Albert is aware that eleven is the number which follows ten", do not logically imply "Albert is aware that eleven is the fifth prime number". Frege's explanation is that in this sort of context the relevant terms do not refer to their ordinary reference, the number eleven, but to their ordinary sense.

Frege's ideas on these and related subjects have had a terrific impact on philosophy. Several logicians and philosophers have tried to work within his framework, improving it and modifying it as appears necessary, including his student, Rudolf Carnap, as well as Alonzo Church, Richard Montague, David Kaplan, David Lewis, and perhaps Saul Kripke. But Frege's influence goes beyond this to encompass all those philosophers who use formal logic as a basic philosophical tool. W. V. Quine, Alan Ross Anderson, Noel Belnap, Robert Stalnaker, Richmond Thomason, Hans Kamp, Bas van Fraassen, and many others. Indeed, to Frege, we owe that characteristic

of all analytic philosophy which is to aim at a certain kind of clarity in argument and precision in statement. This is Frege's most important and enduring contribution.

Michael Dummett, the Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford, has now written two large volumes giving his view of Frege and current analytic philosophy of language. Dummett is also the author of two books on card games, a text book on intuitionistic logic, and a volume of essays in philosophy. In addition to the two books under review, he plans a third volume on Frege, on his philosophy of mathematics which will presumably discuss Frege's logicism, as well as a book on the nature of the theory of meaning. He is widely regarded as England's most important (at least in the sense of most controversial) philosopher now engaged in the subject.

Frege begins as an exposition of Frege's philosophy but quickly becomes concerned with Dummett's own views on the subjects Frege discusses and with Dummett's reactions to the writings of others who have written on these subjects, especially P. T. Geach, Quine, and Kripke. *Interpretation* is a companion volume which is primarily concerned to document and defend the interpretations offered in *Frege*, although here too Frege's concepts and universals as the views of Geach and Kripke and of other commentaries on Frege.

Dummett is very concerned to stress the "cognitive" aspect of what Frege calls "sense". In Frege's view, speakers of a language are able to use a language by virtue of having "grasped" the senses of the expressions they use in speaking. Later followers of Frege, like Carnap and Wittgenstein, found it useful to modify this aspect of his theory, replacing the notion of a graspable sense with that of truth conditions, allowing that two expressions might have the same truth conditions (or "intension") without speakers necessarily being able to recognize this, so that the expressions would not have the same graspable Fregean sense. For example, "the number that follows ten" and "the fifth prime number" would have the same intension. Dummett believes it is an error to replace the notion of sense with that of intension and that it is possible to develop a useful theory of sense. For the most part he therefore ignores the development from Frege, through Carnap and Church to Montague, Kaplan, et al., returning instead to the original source to try to work things out anew.

Dummett is also concerned to stress the difference between Frege's notion of a "concept" as opposed to an "object" and the traditional notion of a "universal" as opposed to a "particular". Universals, like roundness, are objects of Frege's sense, valid logical principles of the substitutivity of identity. Normally, "a = b" and "Fa" logically imply "Fb". But this is not so if "F..." is a context like "Albert is aware that eleven is...". The two claims, "the number which follows ten = the fifth prime number" and "Albert is aware that eleven is the number which follows ten", do not logically imply "Albert is aware that eleven is the fifth prime number". Frege's explanation is that in this sort of context the relevant terms do not refer to their ordinary reference, the number eleven, but to their ordinary sense.

Dummett also stresses Frege's "realism". This is important to Dummett because he believes that a important kind of philosophical issue involves a dispute between "realism" and "anti-realism", as it occurs in one or another domain. He believes that the basic issue is an issue in the theory of meaning or understanding concerning whether it is possible to understand what it would be for certain conditions to obtain, in the absence of knowing what it would be to establish that those conditions obtained or did not obtain. A realist in Dummett's sense thinks this is possible and an anti-realist thinks

The Fregean framework

By Gilbert Harman

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The second edition of *Frege* removes some of these faults. There is now an extensive index. Where the text discusses specific passages in Frege, these passages are now identified and, where Dummett could not locate relevant passages, he has modified the text. However, the book has not received the severe editing it requires.

The companion volume, *Interpretation*, is not a self-contained work. It began life as an introduction to the second edition of *Frege*. Because of its length, it has been published as a separate volume. It discusses some of the secondary literature on Frege, including some of the reviews of *Frege*, and expands and defends the interpretation offered of Frege's philosophy of language.

As I have already indicated, readers familiar with the subjects Dummett discusses will not find either of these books easy to read. *Interpretation* stages many of the faults of *Frege*. The arguments rarely work line by line. Lengthy discussions are often based on elementary mistakes.

To mention a typical example, pages 40-41 of *Interpretation* argue that it is important to distinguish two ways of seeing the relation between a sentence and the abstract thought it expresses. "Either the sentence is understood as expressing the thought as it does in virtue of its mirroring the structure of the thought; or the complexity of the sentence corresponds to the structure of the totality of thoughts, of what may be called the system of thoughts, as map references identify places by appeal to their spatial disposition on the surface of the globe," says Dummett. This is a long and elaborate commandment of the question which way of seeing things is better and which is Frege's. But the contrast between these two "ways" is illusory when we are concerned with abstract

objects like thoughts. Consider an analogous question about natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc. We can represent any number uniquely in terms of its prime factorization. For example, we can represent 10 as "2*5". Does the structure of the representation "2*5" mirror the structure of the number 10 or does it locate 10 in relation to other numbers, namely 2 and 5? To answer this question we have to know whether the numbers 2 and 5 are parts of the number 10. Obviously we are not talking about spatio-temporal parts, so it is unclear how to answer this question. And, clearly, it does not matter how we answer it. We could answer it either way. The same is true for Dummett's question about sentences and thoughts. We could look at things in either of the ways Dummett mentions; it makes no difference either way. His question is a pseudo-question. That is why his discussion of the question is involved in such complexity.

To mention a more serious failing – throughout these works (eg. *Interpretation* pp 25, 50, 56-58, etc) grasping the thought that P in the sense of having the same semantic role of "is red" is such that placing a name of a thing before this phrase yields a sentence which says that the thing is red. Clearly, this sort of semantic role is not simply a matter of there being some sort of unsaturated concept associated with the phrase.

Another disconcerting point is that, throughout these books, logic is mistakenly treated as a theory of reasoning or inference (eg. *Interpretation* pp 15, 62, etc). This is incorrect. Logic is a theory of implication. Implication is, of course, not the same thing as inference. Inference or reasoning is a kind of thinking that typically leads one to revise one's views by addition and subtraction to those views. It is a vexed philosophical question whether and to what extent the normative principles of inference or reasoning have anything to do with the principles of logical implication. Whatever the answer to that question, it is simply a mistake to identify principles of logic with normative principles of reasoning, a mistake of the sort one would hope would be avoided in a study of Frege.

There are many other mistakes like these. But simply listing them in this way does not bring out the difficulty one has in reading through this material. I will illustrate this difficulty as it occurs in Dummett's lengthy account of Kripke's view that names are "rigid designators". (His discussion of this takes up about forty pages in *Frege* and fifty pages in *Interpretation*.)

First, I must say what Kripke's view is. Let us suppose a single person was the author of Chapters 40 to 55 of the Book of Isaiah and let us call this person by the proper name "Jones". This is Dummett's example, except that he uses the name

Dummett's conception of current analytic philosophy is extremely limited and outdated. For example,

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Nominations of suitable candidates are invited from sponsors such as publishers, editors, literary agents or other writers. Application forms are available from the Literature Department, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Long Acre, London WC2E 9LH. Tel: 01-579 6597.

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"Deutero-Isiah". I have changed this to "Jones" because "Jones" is clearly a proper name, whereas "Deutero-Isiah" is not. For brevity I will use the letter "C" to abbreviate "Chapters 40 to 55 of the book of Isaiah". The key point, then, is this. Even though we have introduced the name "Jones" as a name of the author of C, Kripke holds that the name "Jones" is not equivalent in meaning to the definite description "the author of C". He observes that our understanding of propositions expressed by sentences containing "Jones" or "the author of C" allows us to consider whether these propositions would have been true or false in various merely possible situations. Furthermore, in evaluating the truth value of propositions of this sort in various possible situations, we interpret a definite descriptive phrase of the form "the so and so" as referring to whatever thing or person in that situation would have been the so and so in that situation. For example, we take the phrase "the author of C" to refer to that person, if any, who would have uniquely authored C in that situation. Now, if things had been different, someone else might have been the author of C - someone other than Jones. We use the definite description "the author of C" to pick out this other person in that possible situation rather than Jones, who is the author of C in the actual situation. In other words, a definite description will not normally function as what Kripke calls a "rigid designator". It will not normally pick out the same thing or person in every counterfactual situation.

On the other hand, a proper name like "Jones" is a rigid designator. When we evaluate the truth value of the proposition expressed, say, by "Jones was an author" for various possible situations, we always take account of the same person, namely the person in the actual situation who (we are assuming) wrote C. We therefore suppose this proposition is not a necessary truth. It would have been false, eg, if someone other than Jones had been the author of C. Of course, the proposition expressed by "the author of C was an author" would still have been true in that case.

So much, then, for Kripke's views about rigid designators. Dummett appears to want to contest these views, but it is very difficult to see what he takes his objection to be. Part of the problem is that he begins by incorrectly identifying rigid designation with having wide scope. (To say an expression has wide scope is to say it is the primary operator in the sentence. For example, "The author of C might have been an author" is ambiguous, depending on the relative scopes of the definite description, "the author of C", and the modal verb, "might". If it means "The author of C was someone who might have not been an author" [which is presumably true], then the definite description has wide scope. If it means "It might have been the case that someone was both the author of C and not an author" (which is false), the modal verb and not the definite description has wide scope.) This was his interpretation of rigidity in the first edition of *Frege* and also on page 183 of *Interpretation*, where he says "As subject, a definite description has wide scope, ie, behaves as rigid in Kripke's sense ...". But this is simply a mistake. Saying a term has wide scope is not equivalent to saying it is rigid.

By page 574 of *Interpretation* Dummett gives evidence of having noticed this mistake, because he notices the question whether the mechanism of scope is adequate to replace that of rigid designation (with emphasis). A reader ignorant of Kripke's views might well be puzzled

here, in the light of Dummett's earlier equating of rigidity with wide scope. A few pages later, on pages 581-82, he quotes a brief comment of Kripke's pointing out that Dummett's identification of rigid designation with wide scope was a "technical error", which indeed it was. But does Dummett acknowledge the error? Well, yes and no. He agrees that in Kripke's "regimentation" of our language and its accompanying semantic theory, rigidity can be distinguished from wide scope. But he does not agree that the distinction needs to be made for sentences of ordinary language.

Now, it is one thing to disagree with Kripke's theory; it is quite another to mis-state it. When Dummett identifies rigid designation with wide scope, he does not disagree with Kripke, he mis-states Kripke's theory. It is quite clear that this is a mis-statement to the theory and that Dummett now recognizes this. Kripke has pointed out the mistake, and in Dummett's remarks about Kripke's "regimentation" of our language, he acknowledges the point. It is no good pretending that something else is at issue.

In addition to the matter of scholarly ethics, there is also a question of intelligibility here. Dummett's waffling on this point makes it very difficult to follow his discussion. If we take what he says at face value, what he says on page 183 of *Interpretation* simply contradicts what he says on page 574. If we try to give him the benefit of the doubt, however, all sorts of complications arise.

For example, his remarks about "regimentation" versus ordinary language suggest interpreting him as claiming that the facts about our ordinary use of language can be accounted for without supposing that proper names are rigid designators if we suppose instead that names at large have the widest possible scope. But this alternative suggestion implies that "The author of C was an author" and "Jones was an author" should always be evaluated in the same way, no matter what possible situation they are applied to, and is incompatible with the fact that the former sentence expresses a proposition that could not have been false as long as someone had been the author of C, while the latter expresses a proposition that could have been false even if someone had been the author of C (if it was someone else).

In places Dummett suggests that, in addition to supposing (1) the name "Jones" functions like the definite description "the author of C", except that it must always be understood as having wide scope, we must also suppose (2) the claim that a proposition P could have been false is equivalent to a claim of the form "it could have been that not S" where the sentence replacing "not S" expresses the denial of P. This implies that, if we adopt the convention that a definite description is always to be understood as having wide scope, then the claim (a) that the proposition expressed by "The author of C was an author" could have been false is equivalent to the claim (b) that the author of C was someone who could have not been an author. But these claims are obviously not equivalent, since (a) is false and (b) is true. So this suggestion too is refuted.

Perhaps Dummett does not agree that (a) is clearly false and (b) clearly true. On page 578 (of *Interpretation*) he says our intuitions do not concern "the modal status of sentences as well as their truth conditions". Or, if they do, they give conflicting intuitions. As an intuition about the modal status of a sentence is a judgment about whether the proposi-

tion expressed by the sentence would have been true in various nonactual situations. Perhaps Dummett believes people have no views or have conflicting views about the modal status of sentences. But he offers no evidence here and the judgments Kripke reports would seem as common and firm as ordinary judgments about language ever are.

Some things Dummett says indicate that he not only makes an empirical claim about ordinary usage but is (also) making a philosophical claim about what people could intelligibly mean by their words. Let us examine this philosophical claim.

Dummett supposes, plausibly, that one's understanding of the meaning of an expression must somehow manifest itself in the way in which one uses that expression. He also supposes, controversially, that there are only two relevant uses, namely (1) the use of sentences on their own to make assertions, ask questions, request something, and so forth, and (2) the use of sentences as parts of

larger sentences. He therefore suggests that the meaning of a sentence has two aspects: (1) what he calls the *content* of the sentence, namely that aspect of its meaning the understanding of which can be manifested in the use of the sentence on its own, and (2) what he calls the *ingredient sense* of the sentence, namely that aspect of its meaning the understanding of which can be manifested either in the use of the sentence on its own or in its use as a part of other sentences.

Finally, Dummett argues that, if these are the only aspects of the meaning of a sentence, then judgments about the modal status of a sentence cannot, as Kripke asserts, be manifestations of one's understanding of the meaning of the sentence.

Of course, if the argument works, it also shows this: If judgments about the modal status of a sentence are (as they certainly seem to be) manifestations of one's understanding of the meaning of the sentence, then the two aspects of meaning, content

and ingredient sense, are not the only aspects of the meaning of a sentence. There is also an aspect that includes content and ingredient sense and is also manifested in judgments about the truth value of the sentence in question. We might call this the "total sense" of a sentence.

Dummett's argument against Kripke simply assumes that content and ingredient sense are the only aspects of the meaning of a sentence and that there is no third aspect of the sort just mentioned, total sense. So he simply begs the question against Kripke, who explicitly rejects that assumption in the passage Dummett refers to. Furthermore, since Kripke seems obviously right in rejecting that assumption, Dummett's argument amounts to a trivial refutation of his own view that there are only the two aspects of meaning he mentions.

Here, as elsewhere in these books, there is no interesting upshot to a lengthy and confused discussion.

Grammar without psychology

By L. Jonathan Cohen

JERROLD J. KATZ:

Language and Other Abstract Objects
251pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £16 (paperback, £7.95).
0 631 12946 4

One of the most exciting intellectual developments of the 1960s was the rapprochement between linguistics and psychology that was promoted by Chomsky's ideas about the nature of grammar. Chomsky characterized the grammar of a particular language as an assignment of structural descriptions to phonetic sequences, and on this view general grammatical theory was concerned to determine what can count as such a structural description and how such assignments are made. Since every speaker of a language seems to have acquired a tacit knowledge of its grammar, and every new-born child is apparently equipped to learn any human language, it follows, on Chomsky's view, that grammatical theory should be able to reveal important details about the innate mechanisms of language. The grammarian's study of linguistic universals is at the same time an inquiry into those features of the human mind that make it possible for any child to learn its mother-tongue.

It seemed to many, therefore, in the 1960s that Chomskyan linguistics might promote an important new depth of understanding in the psychological study of language and speech-comprehension. But when psychologists sought to discover experimental confirmation for the kinds of linguistic universal that Chomsky postulated there was little or none forthcoming. Nor were grammarians prepared to take the actual results of these experiments into account so as to modify their theories of linguistic universals in any way.

So in the 1970s most of the psychologists and grammarians who had been interested in the issue drew back from the rapprochement that Chomsky had promoted. In their view the new grammatical theory, in one or other of the many versions that have proliferated, might well give a much better account than any given hitherto of what it is that a language-learner learns, even without being able at the same time to give an account of how he learns it. But some of Chomsky's early collaborators have been rather reluctant to make this move, and it is only now that Professor Jerrold Katz announces his own conversion - or rather apostasy. His new book is nevertheless an important contribution to the literature of general linguistics because, besides arguing on theoretical grounds that Chomsky is wrong to suppose that grammar is a branch of psychology, he also puts forward a challenging new theory of his own.

Grammar, according to Katz, is to be regarded as an *a priori* study, like logic and mathematics. It is not an

empirical science, like psychology. Just as one needs to distinguish the mathematical study of numbers from the psychological study of the ideal calculator's knowledge of number, so too one has to distinguish the grammatical study of language from the psychological study of the ideal speaker's knowledge of a language. Katz sees himself as engaged in a campaign analogous to that of Frege and Husserl. Just as they sought to de-psychologize logic and mathematics, he himself is concerned to de-psychologize grammar.

English is the same language whether spoken by human beings or by an alien race with a totally different brain structure. Therefore, on Katz's view, the objects of grammatical study, such as English sentences, are independent of any spatiotemporal particularity. Hence, what can count as such a structural description and how such assignments are made. Since every speaker of a language seems to have acquired a tacit knowledge of its grammar, and every new-born child is apparently equipped to learn any human language, it follows, on Chomsky's view, that grammatical theory should be able to reveal important details about the innate mechanisms of language. The grammarian's study of linguistic universals is at the same time an inquiry into those features of the human mind that make it possible for any child to learn its mother-tongue.

Indeed Katz reconstructs the recent history of North American linguistics in ontological terms. He regards the structuralists, like Bloomfield, who dominated the pre-Chomskian scene, as nominalists. Their grammars are just data-cataloguing devices expressing distributional regularities in speech in the form of a segmentation and classification of acoustic signals. And, though Zellig Harris's introduction of a transformational apparatus into a structuralist theory extended the descriptive power of taxonomic grammars, it did not alter their fundamentally nominalist character. In Katz's eyes, therefore, Chomsky's most significant innovation was to replace this nominalism by a conceptualism that identified the primary focus of a grammarian's attention with the structure of a speaker's mind rather than with the sounds or marks he makes. And Katz's own Platonism completes the traditional philosophical triad: of nominalism, conceptualism and realism. For Katz, a grammatical feature is a linguistic universal not because it is a linguistic universal but because it constitutes a fundamental requisite for language-learning, but because without it a language could not satisfy the requirement that every possible proposition or thought is in principle expressible by some sentence in the language.

There are some deep problems here. Those influenced by the views of Whorf, Quine and others on the limits to inter-translatability will not be happy with the requirement that every thought be expressible in every language. But of course this is just the kind of issue that is bound to separate nominalists from Platonists, and Katz addresses himself at some

length to the refutation of Quine's views on the subject. What Katz does not make clear, however, is how studying the grammar of a language can be regarded as a non-empirical enquiry. Even if we grant that the raw data here emerge through native-speakers' intuitions of grammaticality, we cannot assume that for this purpose grammarians can always rely on their own intuitions. In the study of an exotic language a grammarian must somehow extract intuitions from others. Admittedly he is not concerned to explain the psychological fact that such-or-such a string of sounds has been judged grammatical. But his concern with the grammaticality of the string is nevertheless a concern with something that is empirically evidenced. In much the same way an anthropologist who studies the moral code of an exotic community is engaged in an empirical enquiry, even though it is not the same kind of empirical enquiry as one concerned with how the members of the community (who do not always live up to their moral rules or ideals) actually behave.

One may well feel, therefore, that the question whether the fundamental terms of grammar, like "sentence", "predicate", etc. should be understood in a nominalist, conceptualist or realist sense, is a question that is independent of the epistemology of linguistics. After all the realism of Aristotle, Linnaeus and other classical plant taxonomists did not make them think of botany as an *a priori* discipline like mathematics. And once this point is accepted it may become easier for grammatical theorists to make a move analogous to that which many philosophers of mathematics made some time ago, namely of continuing to dispute whether nominalism (formalism), conceptualism (constructivism) or realism (Platonism) tells some uniquely true story about mathematics, they investigate instead - rather fruitfully - the different properties and potentials that such different reconstructions of mathematics possess. Let us hope that we can now look forward to a comparable prevalence of more circumspect attitudes in the philosophy of grammar, so that we can begin to compare dispassionately what can and cannot be achieved by nominalist, conceptualist and realist theories of grammar. And if in the end it turns out that there are no significant differences here - i.e. that the nominalism-versus-conceptualism-versus-realism issue is a purely metaphysical gloss that need have no relevance to the actual content of a grammar - then at least we shall have discovered one further respect in which grammar differs from mathematics.

Blake shows how a sort of conventional Mummeret evolved, whereby authors could place speech as Doric or low-class without the use of a carefully localized dialect. He traces the origins of comic Cockney, and demonstrates how often writers have used spelling-distortions (with no obvious phonetic equivalence) to indicate departures from received usage. In fact, social registers have been marked off by syntax or vocabulary more rarely than one would have supposed. Pronunciation is the usual index of non-standard speech in literature, on the evidence collected here; and most of that "inaccurately" recorded, as a phonologist would see it. Here and there the discussion teeters on the edge of a grotesque speculation ("The Heart of Midlothian" is an important novel because it contains more varieties of dialect than that spoken in the Edinburgh region"), but generally Blake remembers that it is, after all, literature which constitutes his material.

The fullest and most satisfactory coverage is accorded to Skelton, medieval and Tudor drama, Smollett, Scott, Emily Brontë and certain of the contemporary authors. Mr Blake seems to envisage a well-informed

Re-saying the sayings

By Stanley Wells

R. W. DENT:
Shakespeare's Proverbial Language
As Index
Unnumbered pages. University of California Press. £20.75.
0 520 03894 0

No one has written with greater learning, humanity, and grace on Shakespeare's use of proverbs than the late F. P. Wilson, the dedicatee (with J. C. Maxwell and John Crow) of this book. His essays on "Shakespeare and the Dictionary of Common Life" and "The Proverbial Wisdom of Shakespeare" are, and must surely long remain, the classic treatments of the subject. In the second, justifying this branch of study, he wrote that "A knowledge of proverbs may help us to establish a text; it may help us to interpret its meaning; it may help us to discover with what tone a passage is to be read or spoken". When Wilson wrote this, the standard reference work, to which he paid just and generous tribute while also drawing attention to deficiencies in it, was Morris Palmer Tilley's massive *Dictionary of the Proverbs in English in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, posthumously published in 1950, which contains close on 12,000 entries, each illustrated with quotations, often numerous, from works of the period. It has a "Shakespeare Index" offering cross-references from Shakespeare's works to almost 3,000

citations in the collection. Since it appeared, two other important proverb collections have been published: B. J. and H. W. Whiting's *Proverbs, Sentences, and Proverbial Phrases from English Writings mainly before 1500* (1968), and F. P. Wilson's thorough revision of *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* (1970).

These reference books provide the Shakespeare scholar with a wealth of material useful to the establishing of Shakespeare's text and to comprehension, annotation, and criticism of it. R. W. Dent finds that Tilley's index "has been ignored or badly misused in a surprising number of recent major editions", and that the two later books "have been largely ignored by Shakespeare scholarship". So he has embarked upon - and brought to completion - the heroic task of providing a reference work devoted exclusively to Shakespeare, revising and expanding Tilley, of whose book this is, he modestly claims, "nothing more than a Shakespeare-oriented supplement which should prove far less subject to misuse".

The nucleus of his book, the index, is less than forty pages long. Arranged play by play (and poem by poem) it lists relevant points in Shakespeare and follows each with one or more citations of Tilley's reference work. Regrettably, quotations from Shakespeare are not given.

Before the index, an introduction offers a number of "Precautions". Like most writers on the subject, Professor Dent offers no definition of a proverb, as he knows of none

"that will embrace all acknowledged examples". He offers warnings against Tilley's principles of inclusion, demonstrating that some of his "proverbs" are actually parodic, and that he occasionally lists recurrent ideas "never given any characteristic verbal formulation such as one tends to expect of full-fledged proverbs". Developing this, he makes the valuable suggestion that "A Tilley-like Dictionary devoted to folkloric and superstition would be a useful tool". He notes that Tilley's forms of entry have misled editors to describe as proverbial statements which are better regarded as original formulations of ancient ideas, and that they can also "encourage our missing something actually proverbial". Dates, too, are "a problem ignored or slighted by many Arden editors (grossly by a few)". Too often, indeed, editors at many levels, from that of the graduate dissertation upwards, find an entry in Tilley vaguely corresponding to something in their text, have been content to note "proverbial" without adequate consideration of whether the passage was truly proverbial at the time of its composition. Sometimes "the only cited examples outside Shakespeare may merely be echoes"; and in "an age of pick-purses it is frequently difficult, or impossible, to identify what Tilley called 'independent instances of the same thought'". Dent finds Tilley over-inclusive of Shakespeare citations, and warns that he "sometimes cites Shakespeare for one relevant entry when another may be of considerably greater interest". Dent himself "excludes citations that are literal applications of something

proverbial only when figurative", but I think he misses a few figurative applications. For instance, at *Titus Andronicus* 4.2.34, Cressida says jokingly of Pandarus "Would he were knocked i'th' head!". Editors, to the best of my belief, do not annotate; but *OED* (not citing *Titus*) defines "knock in the head" as "to stun or kill by a blow on the head, ... to kill in any summary way" with an instance from *Thersites* (c. 1537). This seems to go far enough beyond the literal to merit inclusion.

The major part of this book is its Appendix A: well over 200 pages listing the proverbs themselves. They are keyed to Tilley, but decimal points added to about a quarter of them indicate that these are additions to Tilley and, many of them, to the *Oxford Dictionary* (cryptically alluded to here as "OW", though *OEDP* is the standard abbreviation). There are many interesting additions, such as L. 54.1, "No land there is that can this land subdue, if we agree within ourselves, and to our realm are true", lines stated in 1569 to be proverbial which are remarkably close to the concluding couplet of Shakespeare's *King John*. Some of the additions are sparsely illustrated; for instance, if it is worth including "Tongue and heart (Variously contrasted)" it is surely worth citing Hamlet's "But break, my heart, for I must have my tongue" and, in *Richard II*, "What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say".

Professor Dent's notes show a proper concern for the editorial im-

plications of his findings: thus, adding the phrase "To pierce a hog's head" he deduces from its various uses that "there is apparently no reason to believe, with John Crow and the Arden editor of *Love's Labour's Lost* that 'piercing a hog's head' was slang for getting drunk". And in a note on Tilley's W83, "All the water in the sea cannot wash out this stain", he cites a remarkable parallel to *Macbeth* from certain meditations on Christ's passion once attributed to Saint Bernard ... addressed to Pilate: "Well might a little water clear the spots of thy hands, but all the water in the Ocean could not wash away the blots of thy soul." It is a defect of Dent's method that one cannot always be sure which of the additional contributions are his own. And it seems a perversity that in this Appendix the phrase "cf Appendix B" normally means not, as one might have expected, that this entry will also be found there, but that it will not; for Appendix B "lists phrases that can be called proverbial as legitimately, or illegitimately, as those in Appendix A labeled 'cf Appendix B' ...". Because they do not appear in Tilley, they are not included in the index. There is also an Appendix C, which lists exclusions from Tilley's Shakespeare Index not "cited legitimately elsewhere in this index".

Professor Dent lacks Wilson's clarity of exposition. His book takes some mastering and even then is not easy to use. But it repays the effort, and is an indispensable addition to the reference shelf of Shakespeare scholars.

In a manner of speaking

By Pat Rogers

N. F. BLAKE:

Non-Standard Language in English Literature
217pp. André Deutsch. £10.95 (paperback, £5.95).
0 233 97311 7

This book was originally planned while the late Simeon Potter was editor of the Language Library. In some ways it belongs more to Potter's world than to that of his successor, David Crystal: N. F. Blake takes a descriptive, diachronic approach, without elaborate theoretical forays. His book is principally a contribution to the history of language, under the aspect of literary usage, rather than an essay in stylistics. The coverage extends from the Middle Ages to the present (Weaker and Bond; Naipaul and Soyinka), progressing through the familiar staging-posts, with chapters on the Romantics, the Victorians, and so on. On the whole the novel comes off best, with poetry least fully treated.

Blake shows how a sort of conventional Mummeret evolved, whereby authors could place speech as Doric or low-class without the use of a carefully localized dialect. He traces the origins of comic Cockney, and demonstrates how often writers have used spelling-distortions (with no obvious phonetic equivalence) to indicate departures from received usage. In fact, social registers have been marked off by syntax or vocabulary more rarely than one would have supposed. Pronunciation is the usual index of non-standard speech in literature, on the evidence collected here; and most of that "inaccurately" recorded, as a phonologist would see it. Here and there the discussion teeters on the edge of a grotesque speculation ("The Heart of Midlothian" is an important novel because it contains more varieties of dialect than that spoken in the Edinburgh region"), but generally Blake remembers that it is, after all, literature which constitutes his material.

The fullest and most satisfactory coverage is accorded to Skelton, medieval and Tudor drama, Smollett, Scott, Emily Brontë and certain of the contemporary authors. Mr Blake seems to envisage a well-informed

but not necessarily widely read audience. Thus, he considers it necessary to rehearse the plot of "The Reeve's Tale" in fair detail, whilst assuming that readers can cope with palatal *h*, fronted vowels, aphorisms and IPA symbols. Another successful section deals with Kipling, both schoolboy slang and Anglo-Indian lingo serving the author's purposes well.

Amazingly, there appears to have been no manual in this area before. Blake therefore deserves congratulation for opening up an important topic: the work has a useful reference function (with an index of non-standard forms cited), and clearly this will be a pioneering venture.

Unavoidably, a short book on a large theme has its omissions, and these are distressingly obvious in places. Dunbar is quickly despatched, because the Scottish Chaucerians "had little influence on later English literature". Ben Jonson is examined only almost entirely with nothing on his major plays, even *Bartholomew Fair* with its parodies of puritanical (and other) jargon. Similarly, "writers like Bunyan were too deeply immersed in the language of the Bible to experiment with language of a more colloquial kind" - a strange judgement, and anyway who are the writers like Bunyan? Lord Foppington's languid style is analysed with no apparent awareness of the Frenchified chatter

of his original, Sir Fopling Flutter. (And Farquhar is another absentee.)

When we reach the nineteenth century, the Romantic poets soon give place to Maria Edgeworth. The assertion that "Only North and South" uses the setting of a mill-town, (whereas) Mrs Oaskell's other novels are set in more genteel localities" implies ignorance of *Mary Barton*. In this area Shirley would have made an interesting foil to *Withering Heights*. Dickens is represented by Cockney speech, with no mention of such things as the *flâneur* drawl (Ver-sopit, Wrayburn) or even the cod Jewish *Gemülichkeit* of Fagin. Thackeray is briefly mentioned as a

purveyor of Snob usages, but there is no analysis of the range of Crawley language or the Hanoverian parodies. Stevenson is another regrettable omission. There is something of a defect in George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who leave out the most sensitive appraisal of this topic - that by Patricia Ingham in *Literary English since Shakespeare* (edited by George Watson, 1970).

Selectiveness is, I acknowledge, inevitable. What causes more concern is evidence that some texts appear to have been deguessed linguistically without having been properly read. Here is Blake on *Nosferatu*:

... There are several Italians who use the odd Italian expression or even occasionally an archaism ... Words like *avanti*, *padrona*, *casa* and *misericordia divina* appear in their speech. Similarly, because the novel is set in South America, the occasional Spanish word is found, and Martin Decoud uses French expressions.

This is wildly misleading. Apart from the hero and the family at the Casa Viola, Italians hardly enter the text, and the language is confined to a few brief segments. Spanish occurs on hundreds of occasions throughout, since the novel is in some measure a study of the aftermath of empire.

Some of the omissions noted are remedied by monographs elsewhere in the Language Library. It is also fair to add that there is a chapter on Shakespeare, with Henry V and *The Merry Wives* at the centre of attention. The latter is singled out because of the speech used by Sir Hugh Evans and Dr Caius. "Throughout the rest of Shakespeare's output," we are told, "there is little non-standard English." It rather depends what you mean by that phrase. The limitations of a linguistic approach which ignores Falstaff do not need emphasis. If the most extraordinary prose in English, glibly and confidently according to vocabulary or syntax (I think I can, to some degree), then we must look at the combinations of words: the accumulations, climaxes, duplications, suspensions and reversals. Such matters can be handed over to the student of rhetoric, but it is an area where one might hope that the philologist will come to the aid of the stylistician. N. F. Blake's book provides a useful start, but there is a great deal more to be done.

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BODLEY HEAD

commentary

Stepney scarecrow

By Jon Silkin

Rosenberg in the Trenches
BBC Radio

Rosenberg in the Trenches, a forty-five minute play by Frederick Bradnum, with music by Humphrey Searle, is neither a drama nor a theatrical event; it suffers, even with the chuckling sardonic voice of David Suchet as Rosenberg, from an overdose of both information and naturalism. Rosenberg was a "Tolstoyan" soldier of the First World War, a war that destroyed him on April 1, 1918. Inevitably Bradnum and his producer can only give us a version of that war, but it is done as if to make palatable with the dubious coating of naturalism a less entertaining substance – that of the austere robust genius of Rosenberg. In so doing Bradnum overlays a considerable part of Rosenberg's strange blend of richness and austerity, the heroic and the sardonic.

The device that Bradnum uses to make Rosenberg spill the beans about his background and his latest attitudes is the simple one of the imminence of death through war. We hear the noise of shelling, Humphrey Searle's war-like music, and Rosenberg's stoic reconstruction of his vicissitudes. We hear him pondering his Jewishness, his family, and in particular his father (there is no warrant in the letters for such an emphasis), his experience as an art-student in the Slade School before the War, his relations with the three Jewish ladies who paid for him to go there, and his equally touchy but more controlled relationship with Edward Marsh. Rosenberg remembers Hulme, the imagist and aesthete who, at the Café Royal, looked over Rosenberg's head – physically and metaphorically. And this reminds him of the scarecrow appearance of the regiment in which he first trained – the Banants – a regiment for small boys who confronted an inspecting General with a scurrying sample of Britain's fighting force. Rosenberg also takes a robust view of Ezra

Pound who advises Rosenberg to enlist. Rosenberg (rightly) suspects that Pound is anti-semitic and contemptuous of the "lower depths" from which Rosenberg has emerged – in fact "Stepney East". These and other speculations are substantiated, and slanted together, by quotations from Rosenberg's and Pound's letters, and this is the most provident and successful aspect of Bradnum's programme.

Rosenberg also muses on the moral vision of the Jews, and the uneducated amoral vision of his English working-class context. This may or may not be true to life, but it is given an absolute character which is unacceptable and which, in his poems and letters, Rosenberg did not voice. Bradnum is right to catch the arrogance which is a part of Rosenberg's complex character; he is wrong to attribute to him superciliousness, though Rosenberg's stoic good-humour is well caught.

Yet the tone of Rosenberg's "performed" voice seems wrong. He is gingerly given a bit of cockney, and a kind of fruity granular tone which does not accurately reflect other more important constituents of his character. The essential poise, the robustness, the touchiness, and the gleeful sense of comedy – even of misfortune – are obscured by Suchet's almost mellow philosophizing. Yet these elements are crucial to a fuller understanding of Rosenberg's nature. Even so, the picture of the man and poet is sympathetic and lively; and the right balance between Rosenberg's view of himself as Jew and as Englishman is achieved.

Three poems are heard – "Break of Day in the Trenches", "Dead Man's Dump", and "Returning, we hear the larks". The first and third are set to music, and because the music makes the poems hard to catch they are immediately afterwards spoken (dramatized) in a mode that does not suit their own intrinsic music. As a drama the work has little trajectory, and in seeking to convey the abrupt termination of the "half-used life" the play itself ends abruptly. Surely this, too, is a mistake of naturalism.

False evidence

By Carol Rumens

A Coat of Varnish
Theatre Royal, Haymarket

First published in 1979, C. P. Snow's novel *A Coat of Varnish* is set in the long, hot and disturbingly un-English summer of 1976. Cricket fans go on the rampage in Belgravia and when, a few days later, Lady Ashbrook is murdered in her drawing room in Ayleston Square, it seems to symbolize a threat, from within as well as from without, to upper middle-class society. An investigation, not just of the crime but of human behaviour, is set in motion as Snow explores the individuals, among them Humphrey Leigh, an ex-secretary, and Frank Briers, chief superintendent on the case, and Dr Perryman, who turns out to be number one suspect. All are gifted, successful and privileged men, occasionally capable of radical ideas within the limits of their professional roles, and possessing, in some measure, what Snow calls "arrogance of the soul". Their motivations, with its mixture of vanity and idealism, is what really interests Snow, and enables him to transcend with real moral seriousness the "whodunnit" mechanics of his plot.

Much of this subtlety is lost in Ronald Miller's stage version. Technically accomplished and with long experience of dramatising Snow's fiction, Miller draws on certain possibilities suggested by the text and reduces, within the limits of a single set,

Postscript: INLAND 154p, AMRADIO 17p



"Wahr dich, wehr dich, wach auf" by Ludwig Hohlwein: a recruiting poster for the Bavarian Reichswehr, from the exhibition Conflict and Stability: European Graphics 1917-22 at the Imperial War Museum until May 31.

Imaginative truths

By Nirad C. Chaudhuri

Indian Monuments through British Eyes, 1780-1960
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

The University of Cambridge has made a contribution to the current Festival of India which, though small, is both relevant and charming. It is an exhibition of British watercolours, prints and photographs of the monuments, sculptures, landscapes and human scenes of India. It runs until April 25. The core of the exhibits is formed by thirty aquatints by the Daniels, Thomas the uncle and William the nephew. These are from the six volumes of the collection *Oriental Scenery*, which were published from 1795 to 1803. There are also prints from the books of description and travel by Blagden, Fitzcarrine, Forrest and others, as well as two water-colours by Luard.

The old prints belong to a remarkable artistic tradition which arose in the late nineteenth century and continued well into the twentieth until the brush was displaced by the camera. They were products of an exotic projection of the English colonialist search for the picturesque. What Lady Hester Stanhope was to travel to India was to paint; the Daniels were to paint; the Daniels were to paint; the Daniels were to paint.

The performances are generally excellent. Peter Burdworth has the right touch of elegant mania as Briers, Dulcie Gray is a charmingly vinegary Lady Ashbrook and does her best with the barny Dr Perryman. But the overwhelming impression remains that this kind of dramatization is a curiously parasitic art, dignified neither by the wish to interpret faithfully an existing work, nor by the intention to create something new. Like Jacques Loussier's arrangements of Bach, it's clever, but what really is the point of it?

why they could depict India both truthfully and imaginatively, which is beyond the capacity of Hinduizing Occidentals.

It was not, however, the professional painters alone who depicted India in this manner. The amateurs predominated, and they were soldiers, officials, clergymen, and the young misses who took to drawing in order to become socially "accomplished" in their own circles. Their technical capacity was in no way below that of the professionals. Ever Bishopp Heber made some beautiful drawings which were reproduced in a quarto accompanying his *Journals*.

The works exhibited are important both historically and artistically. If anyone wants to know what the great monuments of India looked like at the end of the eighteenth century they will not be able to do without these prints, which succeed in embodying the authentic historical atmosphere, and have not become mere archaeological records. The capacity shown in putting across the visual and emotional aura of the monuments was remarkable. The same painter, say Thomas Daniell, would seem to belong to different schools as he painted Hindu or Muslim monuments. In the pictures of Elora and Elephanta, for instance, the solidity, stateliness and mystery of the Hindu vision are as truly conveyed as are the airiness, dynamism and grace of the spirit animating the Muslim monuments. None the less, from the purely artistic point of view, the style of the paintings and of the prints made after them is wholly European. That is what makes them important in the history of European art.

The colour photographs by Raymond Allchin, apart from their merit as examples of photography, are useful as pictorial glosses on the views of the whole seen in the prints. They furnish the details which nature, and could not be put in the views, though the picture by Daniell of the scene of Arjuna's penance at Mahabalipuram is as telling a view as that in any photograph.

commentary

Black Will and Shakebag

By Stephen Wall

Arden of Faversham
The Other Place, Stratford
Macbeth
Royal Shakespeare Theatre

The new Stratford season has made a murderous start with the not often performed *Arden of Faversham* at its small-scale theatre and a new *Macbeth* in the main house. The *Romans in Britain* trial has not deterred the Royal Shakespeare Company from simulating several acts of gross homicide, but of course blank verse is always sanitizing. In fact, in Terry Hands's production of *Arden* (last revived by the RSC in 1970), it is more a matter of attempted homicide for much of the play. It is clear from the first few minutes that Arden's wife Alice wants him dead and it soon transpires that there are other aggrieved parties who would be glad to see the Kentish landowner put away, but it is not until the end of the piece that the long-awaited deed is finally brought off. If the murder is not "done quickly", in Macbeth's phrase, it is not for want of trying, and much of the play's very considerable fascination lies in seeing how long Arden's apparently charmed life will hold out, given the extreme inefficiency of those who are trying to do him in. *Arden of Faversham*'s text-book reputation as the first English domestic tragedy hardly prepares one for the theatrical tension between the thrillerish excitement of a constantly expected act of violence continually postponed and the bathetically comic side-effects of such delays.

Alice wants to get rid of her husband because she fancies Mosby, de spite – or perhaps because of – his social inferiority. Mosby was formerly a botcher (that is, a tailor whose business is with the shreds and patches that Hamlet speaks of so scornfully), and his collusion with Alice involves some appropriately clumsy schemes. When it comes to poisoned pictures and crucifixes, the English at this Elizabethan stage are clearly bungling amateurs compared with the refined Italians of later Jacobean plays. The lovers' ineffectuality, however, is put into the shade by the repeatedly abortive attempts to kill Arden made by Black Will and Shakebag; as Mosby exasperatedly exclaims, "These knaves will never do it". This accident-prone pair of hit-men have a demonic vitality that is splendidly realized in this production by John Bove and David Bradley. Their energy needs to be allowed full expression but it must also be kept from upsetting the balance of the play. The limited dimensions of The Other Place permit tight audience control, and Terry Hands succeeds very well in integrating what can easily become an anarchic double act with a prevailing climate of menace and unease. Black Will and Shakebag emanate from a criminal underworld that has its funny side but which is also genuinely threatening; their capacity to turn nasty is powerfully demonstrated by their violent treatment of Arden's servant Michael, who is terrorized into complicity. One of the director's most striking effects is to retain Michael on stage after his nightmare vision of attempts to enter the house to get at Arden are mirrored in his panic-stricken face – an effect strengthened by having the actors prowling round and speaking outside the auditorium itself, thus immuring the audience too.

Hands also makes a powerful scene out of another potentially farcical episode, when Black Will and Shakebag get lost in the mist, and the latter falls in a ditch; getting soaked. Dry ice is often wafted about indiscriminately in modern productions, but here this admittedly un-Elizabethan resource is legitimately used so that it not only keeps the comedy in bounds but also gives an enigmatic impressiveness to the Ferryman, who appears mysteriously out of the fog like some ancient analogue of the Weird Sisters transferred to the Isle of Sheppey. The Ferryman's earlier remarks to Arden about his own wife being "as other women are" in this light, or rather half-light, transposed from standard Elizabethan sexist gags to a more gnomic level of suggestiveness, con-

necting with the sexual motivations at the heart of the action as a whole. A further bonus is that scholarly murmurs about Charron do not seem as far-fetched as a bare reading of the text might suggest.

Black Will and Shakebag are allowed to raise laughs but not to become lovable, and this is appropriate to a dramatic world where none is. The "domesticity" which is the basis of *Arden of Faversham*'s reputation is made highly convincing by the room-like scale of The Other Place itself, a scale which also serves to deny the characters the more heroic pretensions which their rhetoric sometimes suggests but which their conduct belies. It is true that this production is not at ease with those aspects of the play's language – do it! – which most obviously relate it to its original date, around 1590. What seems rather to happen here is that the characters use their more Senecan or Kydian moments as if trying to convince themselves of their claim to a level of experience which their essential mediocrity undermines. The plot itself derives from ordinary life (as the original audience well knew), being based on an actual murder committed in 1551, and it has the combination of violence and banality which would have interested an Elizabethan Simonon.

Arden himself is an aggressive acquirer of land, and the class conflicts both within and implied by the play could be and indeed have been heavily stressed – an emphasis which the eclectic RSC-house-style costume rather blurs. But apart from such representativeness as Arden himself may now be taken to have, there is nothing about him to make his death special. Bruce Purchase gives the part a strong physical presence but is not able to suggest any particular coherence behind Arden's odd alternations of suspicion and credulity, or over-bearingness muted by sudden patches of depression. Such oscillations of mood appear more as part of dream-like arbitrariness in the way things fall out in this play. No way is strong enough to control a muddled sequence of events that only comes to seem a logical series because it leads to a fatal conclusion. Similarly, Alice's lover Mosby may

be attractive to her for at least part of the time (there's an interesting scene of morning-after disenchantedness and recrimination), but he is obviously a deeply second-rate person. Michael's predicament as an involuntary accomplice is persuasively registered by Mark Rylance, but his immaturity and inadequacy are hopelessly exposed by events.

In so far as this concatenation of incompetence has a centre it is to be found in Alice Arden. Jenny Agutter



Sir Henry Irving as Macbeth dying on stage in a production at the Lyceum in 1889. Engraving from The Graphic by J. Nash.

oddly enough, Howard Davies's new production of *Macbeth* is conceived in terms which might pass as intriguingly revisionist in a small-scale venue like The Other Place, but which are disconcertingly inadequate to the larger demands of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre itself. The forestage now has two levels of seats at the sides, and the depth of the stage behind the proscenium is limited by a transverse gantry providing an upper level and space for two percussionists and their batteries. This reminiscence of Peter Brook's *Midsummer Night's Dream* fits in with the director's determined policy of demystification. The lighting is mostly bright and flat, props are minimal, and there is no attempt at special effects – no dry ice in this house. But the empty space has to be filled with something if it is not to become limbo, and playing against expectation will only work if the alternatives offered earn their own rewards. Expectation in this case is bound to be coloured by the RSC's own 1976 Nunn-McKellen version, widely acknowledged as a production of reference quality and an extra incentive to Howard Davies and his cast to find new solutions.

The first of these is the abandonment of any attempt to impersonate the witches as bearded, skinny-lipped hags, withered as a wild in their teeth. They appear as a trio of hearty, not to say buxom, girls, who speak their charms in a fractured counterpoint which conveys not the slightest frisson of supernaturalism. This is *Macbeth* in which the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts have become a marginal consideration; it is hard to imagine a version of the play with less sense of metaphysical implication. This perfunctoriness would not matter so much if the political and dynastic elements of the play had not been similarly flattened out. When Macduff kills Ross, if Scotland stands where it did, he seems to be talking of a far-off country of which we know little.

The general reductionism is most evident in and in a perverse way quite consistent with Bob Peck's daring and misguided interpretation of the title role. His *Macbeth* is a man without much imagination or largeness of mind, practical rather than speculative, physically energetic, cunningly managerial in his handling of inferiors, genially dismaying with his equals, inherently military, fundamentally not too bright. When he remarks that life is a tale told by an idiot, you feel that this is what he has always thought, really. It signifies nothing now, and never signified that much. It is thus logical that Peck's last Act should be his best. His cat-and-mouse fight with Young Seward makes the posthumous description of him as a dead butcher seem for once entirely appropriate. When he notes that he has almost forgot the taste of fear, he appears to congratulate himself on having supped full of horrors; if turned out to be a good policy. And as for lacking honour, love, obedience, troops of friends – well, you can't have everything. The whole Birnam Wood-Dunsinane business is quite a joke in its way. If of a grim kind, when it turns out that the joke is on him, this *Macbeth* accepts the fact with some courage and doesn't seem over-concerned about the witches' equivocation. No doubt it's what one should have expected.

But if a certain sense is made of

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Oxford University Press

Macbeth's situation, and a certain freshness of stress given to some of the lines, it is brought at a price which is crimping evidence in the early scenes. In particular, it is astonishing how little the murder of Duncan is made to count. Macbeth's indecision over the deed, his reluctance to perform it, his regret at having done it, are given so much of a fact that you would think that regicide was all in a day's work. The horror of the act so powerfully insisted on in the poetry is not communicated because this Macbeth does not have the sensibility to understand the language he uses. The great speeches are not exactly thrown away, but they are rattled through so that only their surface sense gets across. The self-consciousness of Macbeth's manner of visibly thinking along the line from one line to the next, taking in shades of meaning on the way, has been abandoned, along with any attempt at a heroic timbre of voice.

It is no surprise, therefore, that Sara Kestelman's Lady Macbeth, strongly and even at times irritably delivered, similarly fails to move. Her "Unsex me here" is commanding, but does not strike one as an injunction appealingly against nature. The one moment that is genuinely affecting is when she breaks down into dry sobs in the sleep-walking scene - a moment that is revealing between the words rather than a direct result of them. The relationship of husband and wife is

plausibly domestic although they tend to look like a couple who haven't all that much in common apart from a strong mutual interest in his career. This may be the reason why the embassies of the banquet scene are successfully registered; it is clearly one of those important dinner-parties which turn out to be absolute disasters. Bob Pock's aggressive turning on the (invisible) ghost of Banquo is of a piece with his usual readiness to take the initiative; in a nice point of staging, Lady Macbeth actually sits in Banquo's chair to prove to Macbeth that there's nothing there.

But despite such moments of attack, the regional plainness of this Macbeth's exposition cannot but leave many of its depths unplumbed, and it is after all a play of depths. It is one thing to refuse to milk such celebrated passages as the "If we should fail? We fail?" sequence, so that they pass almost unnoticed. It is another to carry such de-familiarization to the point of devaluation. Interpretations radically at variance with the nature of Shakespeare's language in a given play are bound to seem unrooted; the language is obviously our best guide to what happens, in all its complexity. The rough-shod insensitivity to the verse shown in this production makes Macbeth look like the sort of play that the author of *Arden of Feversham* might have written, fifteen years on.

Author, Author

Competition No 66
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than May 7. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 9EZ. The solution and results will appear on May 14.

1 Sir John Suckling invented the game of Cribbage. He sent his Cards to all Gaming places in the country, which were marked with private marks of his; he got twenty thousand pounds by this way.

2 We see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chessmen; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop.

3 Whilst, sir, said Mr. Perry, you know, was a court game originally;

"Writing '82" - the Fifth Lancaster Literature Festival, which runs from April 26 to May 3 - takes up the theme of censorship. There will be lunchtime screenings of television material which has been banned or criticized as inappropriate for broadcasting: *Death of a Princess* by Antony Thoms, the film of *Scum*, and *Curious Journey* by Kenneth

and the knave, I suppose, signified always the prime minister.

Competition No 62

Answers:

1 Brahms, for all his grumbling and grizzling, had never guessed what it felt like to be suspected of stealing an umbrella.

E. M. Forster, *Howards End*, chapter 5.

2 Straddling her 'cello between her distressing legs, she ground out a sonata by Brahms, a clammy composer whose work I could never care for.

L. P. Hartley, *Eustace and Hilda*, chapter 17.

3 "I should certainly not go near the Albert Hall if I were you, Edgar," he said. "It would be too great a risk. Someone might seize you and compel you to listen to Brahms. In fact, after the way you have been talking this evening, you would probably yield to temptation and enter of your own free will. I would not trust you such where Brahms is concerned, Edgar. Not an inch."

Anthony Powell, *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, chapter 1.

Griffith, who would also take part in a Censorship Forum on Thursday, April 29. Also on the panel will be Robert Hewison, Colin McCabe and Peter Watkins, director of the banned anti-nuclear film *The War Game*. Full details may be obtained from Tim Bennett-Goodman, 69 Church Street, Lancaster LA1 1ET; tel: 0524 62166.

Behind the lines

One of the less well-known codes of practice of the Publishers' Association is a system devised to divert would-be authors who turn up at their Bedford Square front door, hoping that the PA will assist in publishing their manuscripts. Since the arrival of misguided authors is a more frequent occurrence than you would expect, this code remains confidential.

Outsiders bearing bundles of foolscap labelled in green ink might well assume that the PA had something to do with publishing, but on closer investigation the terms of reference of this key institution for the business of books prove hard to define. It has existed since 1896 to enforce a restrictive practice. Its membership, nearly 400 firms, represents ninety-five per cent of the turnover of British publishing, yet its chief executive, Clive Bradley, says "the PA has no real power." It may however be that the PA has no power where it chooses not to exercise it.

Publishers are notoriously the most secretive and suspicious of businessmen, and as a trade association the PA has to balance the collective interests of the industry against the mutual competition of its members. It is very much in the collective interest to sustain the Net Book Agreement, the formally acknowledged restrictive practice that brought the PA into being. Most authors and booksellers, as well as publishers, agree that a fixed retail price for a book is the only way to arrange sensible dealings between themselves and the public. But the Commissioners of the European Community take a different view, since the practice is in direct conflict with the rules of free competition. The announcement that the EEC has started another investigation of "competition in the book trade" has the PA worried.

The European Commission is what Clive Bradley calls a "governmental" problem, and he is pleased with the results of the PA's recent annual general meeting, which has led to the creation of a new, powerful committee, the Public Affairs Advisory Panel. Under the chairmanship of Graham C. Greene of Jonathan Cape Ltd, the panel will advise the PA's Council on its government and social relations. It will look to the PA's image, and make sure that its voice is heard in Westminster and Brussels. (Since the senior figures of British publishing have always had a comfortable relationship with the British Establishment, this merely formalizes the PA's usual practice.) The PA will defend publishing interests in Europe; at home it takes action against xerox-happy infringers of copyright, and further abroad it is campaigning hard against book pirates in India, Pakistan, Nigeria, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Malaysia.

Yet this purposeful image of the Publishers' Association has a tendency to dissolve when other issues are pressed. The PA may have encouraged its members to appoint Piracy Officers, but according to Bradley, it "is not a body for the control of the ethics of publishing." This has

proved a frustrating attitude for at least two groups of workers in the industry: the book-editor members of the NUJ, and members of the Society of Authors and the Writers' Guild. Both groups have tried this year to get the PA to take some responsibility for the industrial attitudes of its members but - with the exception of the Warehouse Employers' Committee which negotiates rates for warehousemen with SOGAT - the PA resolutely refuses to negotiate national agreements.

As far as authors are concerned, the PA says it views the demand by writers' organisations for minimum terms for book contracts with "considerable concern." This is not because it might mean having to pay authors more money, but because it might make it too costly to publish books with marginal expectations. "No one," says Bradley "wants to be thought of as someone who oppresses authors." Since it is acknowledged that some contractual clauses prove onerous, the PA has offered to draw up a Code of Practice for its members, which will not say anything about money, but which will advise on the vexed questions of how to reject a commissioned manuscript, or cancel the publication of a book. In the meantime the PA will not discuss improving terms for authors, since its members do not wish it to. After all, one might add, why should the PA as a confederation do what its members are very reluctant to do individually?

The Publishers' Association, then, does not exist to regulate the publishing industry or control most of the commercial practices of its members. But the hard edge of this voluntary, powerless body re-emerges when it comes to exploiting a new situation. Assuming that the Public Lending Right Scheme passes through the House of Lords next week, money resulting from lending library loans will begin to flow to authors in the Autumn of 1983. As it stands, authors are the only beneficiaries of the scheme, but the PA takes the view that since an author's lost royalties in libraries are also a publisher's lost sales, publishers are entitled to a share of PLR money. The PA's annual report advises that this can be obtained by acting as the author's agent for PLR, or by taking a share of its future PLR money through the author's contract. Contracts which assign a portion of an author's right in PLR to the publisher are already in operation, and it is possible that this hard won reward will become no more than another subsidiary right to be bargained over.

It may be just as well that would-be authors who arrive at Bedford Square are gently recommended to go elsewhere.

Two weeks' time the Arts Council's Literature Department will announce a joint publishing venture with Secker and Warburg. The intentions to the party are already, but the Literature Department won't say what the scheme involves. Is it a step towards the National Publishing House that Literature Director Charles Osborne has trailed from time to time as a smoke screen across the activities of his department? Probably not; more likely it is part of a plan to bring "neglected classics" back into circulation. Neglected contemporaries please note.

What is English Literature, anyway? Two contributors to the first number of a new journal called *LTP (Literature Teaching Politics)* offer an ingenious answer: English Literature is what the Schools Examinations Boards say it is. *LTP* number one has been pub-

lished to coincide with the third annual "Literature Teaching Politics" conference, held this year at Birmingham University at the beginning of April. Out to expose the ideological use of English Literature as the moral centre of the school curriculum, Holly Goulden and John Hanley have analysed the O, D/A and A-Level syllabuses set by the eleven Examinations Boards in the United Kingdom and Ireland. The result is a remarkable league table, a sort of pedagogic pantheon.

The analysts admit that their method - counting up the number of times an author or text is mentioned in the thirty-eight syllabuses examined - is a little rough and ready, but their conclusion is that English Literature is the product of 166 authors, plus a more shadowy group of contributors to twenty-five anthologies. Shakespeare W. towers over the rest with 190 mentions, his nearest rival, Chaucer G. only has fifty-six, with Hardy T. close behind at fifty-four. The first living writer comes in at fourteenth place, Golding W. with twenty.

Goulden and Hanley divide their authors into three categories. The Exalted (and mainly out of copyright), the top seventeen who gain more mentions than the rest of English Literature put together; the Respected which includes a number of living writers (Bolt R. thirteen, Betjeman J. twelve, Osborne J. nine, Stoppard T. six, Naipaul V. S. five), and the Token Gesture. These last "represent categories otherwise absent altogether, like women, blacks, Americans, people who are alive, radicals, foreigners." (Soylaks W., three, Drabble M., one, Churchill W. S., one.) Ideology apart, the league table suggests some curious literary evaluations. Betjeman is as important as Donne, and more important than Auden (five), who is less significant than Charles Causley (nine), but as good as Larkin.

Lord of the Flies of course accounts for William Golding's very high placing in the pantheon, but his position is about to be challenged. In a separate article Simon Baker informs us that Richard Adams's *Watership Down* has just joined the London O-Level syllabus. "Animal allegory plays a central strategic role in the text's ideological framing of femininity."

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Robert Hewison

Among this week's contributors

L. JONATHAN COHEN is a Fellow of The Queen's College, Oxford.

MICHAEL DAVIS is the editor of *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh*, 1976.

DOUGLAS DUNN's most recent collection of poems is *St Kilda's Portlennion*, 1981.

ROY FOSTER's books include *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Political Life*, 1981.

PETER GWYN is writing a biography of Cardinal Wolsey.

GILBERT HARMAN's books include *Thought*, 1973.

ROBERT HEWISON's *In Anger: Culture in the Cold War 1945-1980* was published last year.

CHRISTOPHER HILL's books include *Millon and the English Revolution*, 1978.

MICHAEL HOWARD is Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

PETER HOWELL is a lecturer in Latin at Bedford College, London. He is the author of *A Commentary on Book 1 of Marlowe*, 1980.

KEITH JEFFERY is a lecturer in History at the Ulster Polytechnic.

MARTIN KEMP's *Leonardo da Vinci: The Marvellous Works of Nature and Man* was published last year and has been awarded the 1981 Mitchell Prize for the best work in English on the History of Art.

H. G. KOBENOSBERGER's books include *Estates and Revolutions*, and *The Habsburgs and Europe 1516-1600*, both 1971.

ANDREW MORRISON's long poem *Independence* was published last December.

BRYAN RANFT was Professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich from 1966 to 1977.

C. J. RAWSON's books include *Gulliver and the Gentle Reader: Studies in Swift and Our Times*, 1973.

J. M. RICHARDS's most recent book is *Goa*, 1982.

PAT ROGERS is the author of *The Augustan Vision*, 1974, and *Henry Fielding: A Biography*, 1979.

PETER RIVIERE is the author of *Marriage Among the Trio*, 1969.

JON SILKIN's books include *Out of Battle: The Poetry of the Great War 1900-1914*.

STEPHEN WALL is a Fellow of Keble College, Oxford, and editor of *Essays in Criticism*.

to the editor

'The White Hotel'

Sir, - Years ago I noticed that some poems by D. M. Thomas, now before us again as a novelist, were introduced in a defensively peculiar way. They had "revolved from myths suggested by science-fiction stories" by Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Tom Godwin, Damon Knight and James H. Schmitz, to whom grateful acknowledgement is made. Now, in *The White Hotel*, D. M. Thomas "gratefully acknowledges" actual lifts from *Babi Yar*, as well as from the writings and letters of Freud. Perhaps some kind investigator will now discover for us exactly how much is lifted in this new method of writing, this plagiarism admitted in advance, which insults literature, makes mugs of publishers and reviewers, and cannot be excused by Mr Thomas's high-souled defence.

GEORFFREY GRIGSON.

Briar Town Farmhouse, Broad Town, Swindon, Wiltshire.

E. E. Cummings

Sir, - I am grateful to Marie Boroff for pointing out (March 26) that the purple finch is a singer, and I revise my impression of Cummings's poem "o purple finch" accordingly. The misunderstanding must be one of nomenclature. The American bird sounds like, and perhaps is, cousin to the European linnet, well known for its song. The finch family, so called in Europe, only chirp or whistle, more or less, as Hardy notes in "Proud Songsters".

The thrushes sing as the sun is going, And the finches whistle in ones and pairs...

Hardy also gives an accurate rendering of the greenfinch in *Far from the Madding Crowd* when Bathsheba wakes in the wood the morning after her parting from Troy. "Cheese-weeze-weeze" from another treat. It was a finch. The eighteenth-century Russian poet Derzhavin wrote a poem on the death of Marshal Suvorov entitled "Snegir" (The Bullfinch), the soldier's word for the military life, whose wheezy note resembled the bird's. Brodsky recalls this in his own poem on the death of Marshal Zhukov.

Where poetry is concerned such things are never trivial, for poetry and fact go together, and in the present arid critical climate of "Poetry" it is especially satisfying to enjoy them together.

In observing that the facts about Cummings's life, so abundantly presented in Richard S. Kennedy's biography, "have no relation to the poet and his poetry", I was implying contrast with the kind of poet (Cowper, Byron, Whitman) whose life is not only present in their poems but tells us important things about them. In the case of Cummings, as in the case of John Crowe Ransom, there seemed to me no such close relation, but in retrospect I agree with Peter Dickinson (March 19). The point should have been more clear, and in my case it could be argued that a negative relation between a poet's life and work has as much significance as a positive one.

JOHN BAYLEY.

St Catherine's College, Oxford.

'Bernini in France'

Sir, - I refer to Joseph Rykwert's review of my book, *Bernini in France* (March 19). Rykwert's style is not remarkable for clarity, but what I think it all boils down to is that if I were writing my book it would be different.

On the evidence of a remarkable series of howlers which Rykwert managed to include in the limited space of his review I would wholeheartedly agree with this. The rebuilding of the Louvre, for instance, was inaugurated not, as he says, by Henri II but by François I.

Department of English, University of Durham, Elvet Riverside, New Elvet, Durham.

It is not exactly true that "by 1660, three sides of the new square had been built". According to Colbert, who was in a position to know, only two-and-a-half sides were structurally finished by the time of Bernini's arrival in 1665. Rykwert is also wrong in several respects concerning Bernini's travel arrangements, though these are small points. Thereafter confusion increases. Rykwert refers to the diary of "Paul Fréart, Sieur (sic) de Chambray". The *sieur de Chambray* at that time was not Paul Fréart but his brother, Roland. Paul Fréart was *sieur de Chantelou*, and it was he who wrote the diary. Then again, fastidious readers may feel that Rykwert's reference to the equestrian statue's being delivered "many months" after it was ordered is a trifle slipshod, when the interval in fact amounted to eighteen years (ordered in 1667, delivered in 1685). Most memorably of all, Rykwert consistently refers to the brothers Le Vau as "Le Veau" (sic). On account of its repetition I doubt if the printer was to blame for this interesting gastronomic solecism.

Finally, Rykwert's statement that "Colbert's coldness, Bernini's changes of mood and 'the whole backstage intrigue' are 'missing' from my book is totally untrue. Rykwert should read more carefully.

CECIL GOULD.

Jubilee House, Thorncombe, near Chard, Somerset.

'An English Temper'

Sir, - George Watson's review (March 26) of Richard Hoggart's *An English Temper* was almost pure vilification. With a few slashes of his satiric blade he carved out a segment of the British Left (Raymond Williams, E. P. Thompson and Richard Hoggart) and labelled it the "Conventional Left". We are to believe that they are "the nearest thing to Victorian intellectuals in British life today". Well, I suppose Thompson's and Williams's earlier books were mainly about nineteenth-century culture, but I found a detailed assessment by the SS why the majority of the Austrian Nazi leaders were not suitable to occupy leading posts in Austria; but many of them served Hitler faithfully outside their native country, from the occupied Netherlands to Poland and the Crimea. As to the evidence for the autonomist leanings of the Austrian Nazis, I have seen the evidence quoted by Pauley but I have drawn different conclusions from it. Surely, historians are entitled to differ in their interpretations and I find his claim unconvincing. Ever since 1926, the Austrian Nazi Party and its subordinate organizations were dependent upon the German party organizations and had to carry out the orders emanating from Munich. There was no longer any "autonomy", nor could there be, given the party's completely hierarchical structure, as Pauley himself says on p 46 of his book.

F. L. CARSTEN.

School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1.

'Looking for Dr Condom'

Sir, - I was dismayed to gather from Pat Rogers's review of William E. Kruck's *Looking for Dr Condom* (February 19) that the author of that book did so much of his looking in the late seventeenth century, for I thought I had pretty convincingly shown, in my *Labyrinths of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (Skilton, 1974), that the word was punned upon by Shakespeare in *Henry V*, first printed in 1600, and *Troilus and Cressida*, first printed in 1609. The word actually printed in each play is "quondam". The pun is especially apparent in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Hector says (as printed in the First Folio):

Your quondam wills awents still by Venus' Glove.

The perception of the pun injects wit and meaning into what is otherwise a puzzling statement. (It should not go unnoticed that Shakespeare's father was, at least for some time during his life, a glove-maker.)

This does not necessarily mean

Austrian National Socialism

Sir, - Bruce F. Pauley (Letters, March 26) finds fault with my review (January 15) of his book, *Hitler and the Forgotten Nazis*. On several grounds. Since I wrote in my own book in 1976 that "comparatively little work has been done" on this subject, a large amount of new work on it has been published by younger Austrian historians, especially Gerhard Botz and Gerhard Jagschitz, so that it is simply not correct to speak of "the Forgotten Nazis". Indeed, a very eminent Austrian historian laughed aloud when I mentioned to him the title of Pauley's book.

Hitler's birthplace, Braunau, is situated on the Inn, very close to the Bavarian frontier, which to me is Western Austria; anyhow, he was not born in the Waldviertel. On p 19 of Pauley's book Bohemia and Moravia are classified together with the Alpine crownlands and Austrian Silesia as "predominantly German-speaking areas", which is untrue: they are predominantly Czech-speaking. On pp 45-46 of his book Pauley talks about a discussion between Schulz and Hitler in Passau on August 12, 1926, but he says nothing about the decisive conference of the Austrian Nazi Party which took place there and ended with Hitler's victory: henceforth he was the unchallenged leader of the Austrian Nazi Party.

For my statement that "the top posts in occupied Austria were given to Germans from the Reich" I can refer Pauley to Gerhard Botz, *Die Eingliederung Österreichs in das Deutsche Reich* (2nd edition, Vienna, 1976). In the German Federal Archives at Koblenz I found a detailed assessment by the SS why the majority of the Austrian Nazi leaders were not suitable to occupy leading posts in Austria; but many of them served Hitler faithfully outside their native country, from the occupied Netherlands to Poland and the Crimea. As to the evidence for the autonomist leanings of the Austrian Nazis, I have seen the evidence quoted by Pauley but I have drawn different conclusions from it. Surely, historians are entitled to differ in their interpretations and I find his claim unconvincing. Ever since 1926, the Austrian Nazi Party and its subordinate organizations were dependent upon the German party organizations and had to carry out the orders emanating from Munich. There was no longer any "autonomy", nor could there be, given the party's completely hierarchical structure, as Pauley himself says on p 46 of his book.

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This does not necessarily mean

that there never was a Dr Condom, but it does mean that he had to be active rather earlier than 1660. I suspect, however, that in fact there was no Dr Condom, and that the pseudonymously device takes its name somehow from the Latin word "quondam". My working hypothesis is that just as a passage of St Augustine's dealing with contraception is known in canon law as "Aliquando", from the first word of its text, so might there exist some other decretal relating to contraception which begins with, and thus is identified as, "Quondam", or some similar word (not overlooking, of course, the possibility that "quondam" itself, in this sense, might be a corruption of "Aliquando").

MARTIN GREEN.

2737 Devonshire Place NW, Washington, DC 20008.

Epstein Sculptures

Sir, - I must deny Tanya Harrod's report (Commentary, April 2) that I said one of Epstein's sculptures on the old BMA building in the Strand was "obscene".

What I in fact did was refer to the silly controversy of 1908, when some newspapers found the statues "objectionable", as a prelude to the revived controversy of 1937 when the Government of Southern Rhodesia mutilated them. This I did so as to quote Epstein's comments on a letter in his support: "This letter of Sir Edwin Lyttons is grotesque... in view of the fact that this eminent and busy architect has never once even approached me with a request for sculpture during his long life."

I regard those wickedly spoiled sculptures on what is now Zimbabwe House as Epstein's finest work and his being commissioned by Charles Holden a model example of how an architect should work with an artist.

GAVIN STAMP.

2 St Alphege House, Poole Street, London SE1.

'Crisis in Africa'

Sir, - Writers should not, in general, complain about critics. But should not reviewers take some trouble to get their facts right, as they expect authors to do?

S. K. Panter-Brick, in his notice on *Crisis in Africa* (February 26), misrepresents my book on at least three key issues:

1. He is sceptical of my version of the events which led Cuba to intervene in Angola and Ethiopia, yet ignores what has since been generally acknowledged - that Cuban intervention did not precede but followed invasions of Angola and Ethiopia by respectively South African and Somali forces. He does not make it clear that Cuban civilian help for African (and Asian) countries began in 1960 and continued even through the period when Castroism was an object of simultaneous American, Soviet, and Chinese hostility. My argument was that Castro's efforts to evolve a particular Cuban brand of socialism were frustrated by continued US sanctions which forced him ultimately into a reluctant dependence upon the Russians.

2. Mr Panter-Brick alleges that I failed to check Harold Macmillan's famous "wind of change" speech to the Cape Town Parliament, but if he had reached p 195 he would have found that I had quoted the key passage in full. He is also mistaken in asserting that I offered little firm evidence to show that major Western powers contributed financially and technologically to South Africa's advance towards a nuclear weapons capacity.

3. He questions whether Lord Soames really told me in an interview that, if Mugabe had emerged winner of the Rhodesian election in 1980 without an overall majority, it would have been possible for Nkomo and Muzorewa to form a coalition. Yet that is precisely what London

Washington and Pretoria were in fact hoping for, and the transcript of the Soames interview is available for inspection.

The fact that *Crisis in Africa* has been assailed by a few critics reflecting the Establishment views of East and West alike could be seen as an acknowledgment of its balance. More interestingly, though, it has earned a greater number of bouquets than bricks from reviewers less committed than yours.

ARTHUR GAVSHON.

19 Starmont Road, London NW.

Harold Gilman

Sir, - In her review (October 23, 1981) of the exhibition *Harold Gilman 1878-1919* (still on show at the Royal Academy, where the review is displayed) Frances Spalding says that nothing is known of Eleni Zompolides who was the subject of Gilman's painting "The Blue Blouse" owned by Leeds Art Gallery. I can throw some light on this, as she was my mother.

Eleni Zompolides' full name was Eleni Ioanna Diotima Zompolides. She was born in London in 1882. Her father was Greek and her mother Norwegian.

She was herself an artist and studied at the Royal School of Art under Edward Johnston and W. R. Lethaby. She specialized in lettering and illumination and was an early member of the Society of Scribes and Illuminators.

After training she worked with Douglas Cockerell on illuminated books and manuscripts, and did the illuminating and lettering for the Roll of Honour of boys from Eton College who died in World War I. She also worked for Dent's, the publishers, designing the front pages and backs of books in the Everyman series. She was an early Socialist and Fabian.

She married Charles Francis Townsend, an analytical chemist, by whom she had four children and ten grandchildren. She died in Leicestershire, in 1958.

RALPH TOWNSEND.

Dene House, Whitting's Lane, Hailey, Witney, Oxfordshire.

Nonesuch Press

Sir, - In his generous review

Critics in consort

By C. J. Rawson

P. J. M. ROBERTSON:
The Leavises on Fiction
An Historic Partnership
176pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 353 27886 0

M. B. KINCH:
Q. D. Leavis 1906-1981
An Appreciation
24pp. Broomfield Press, 15 Cobwell
Road, Reiford, Notts DN22 7BN.
£1.05.
0 907839 01 11

Twenty years ago in the *New Statesman* Raymond Williams, reviewing a book on early popular fiction, welcomed it as a worthy if humble follow-up to a trail "pioneered" thirty years before by Q. D. Leavis in *Fiction and the Reading Public*. It was, he averred, "pioneering work" of the kind now needed, offering "much welcome new detail" and revealing a thing or two which were "not what we had supposed". The happy object of this Olympian approval was J. M. S. Tompkins's *The Popular Novel in England 1770-1860*, or rather a reissue of it, for the book had originally appeared in 1932, the same year, in fact, as Mrs Leavis's book.

It's an amusing illustration of how successful the Leavises' self-promoting enterprise had been in establishing the idea of that book's seminal status. An enriching polemical work, whose value lay in the putting down of a set of influential ideological markers, was being taken as a pioneering study of historical fact. Had Williams had the clear idea he appeared to lay claim to of what scholarship had come up with by 1962, or 1932, he might or might not have written differently. But it seems a fair guess that if the book had not been by Mrs Leavis, the impulse to assume its priority and its implied influence would not have been so compelling.

This year is the half-century of that *annus mirabilis* which saw the publication not only of *Fiction and the Reading Public* but also of *New Bearings in English Poetry*, and the launching of *Scrutiny*. Mrs Leavis died last year, leaving some work sadly uncompleted, and it is good to have at this time two publications which share an impulse to celebrate her distinction as a collaborator of her husband and a critic of the novel in her own right. Both authors appear to think that they are at last settling the record straight, and both seem oddly unaware that what they are voicing, however right in itself, has long been a sub-theme of Leavisian autobiography, accusations of neglect included. The crowning gesture was the defiant bizzarerie of the Leavises' dedication of their joint book *Dickens the Novelist* (1970) to each other, "as proof . . . of forty years and more of daily collaboration in . . . the fostering of that true respect for creative writing, creative minds, and . . . the English tradition, without which literary criticism can have no validity and no life".

M. B. Kinch's and P. J. M. Robertson's books are in a way themselves extensions of the promotional enterprise. This does not invalidate them, but it is a fact that in 1975, in a letter to Robertson, presumably written in the knowledge that his book was in the offing and now at all events cited as an epigraph to it, P. R. Leavis stated that the "lifelong collaboration is historic" and that "on the novel" his wife "has no rival in the world". This is also the "history" of Kinch's memorial pamphlet from the loyalist Broomfield Press, which says that the work of Mrs Leavis is "as fine a body of criticism as any we have". Kinch samples five types of critical activity: the rehabilitation of a neglected or underrated writer (Richard Jefferies); the more ghastly exercise of preventing "the undeserved rehabilitation of a hitherto all-but-forgotten writer" (Charlotte Yonge); the "discovery" of a forgotten writer (M. K. O'Malley); the immediate recognition

of "a modern classic" (*Darkness at Noon*); and the "uncompromising . . . rejection" of inferior work by a distinguished contemporary (Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*). Kinch quotes a good deal of Mrs Leavis's acuteness and energy of mind as vividly in evidence. The act of homage would have been more telling without the inflated claims. Ironically, Kinch's over-corrective attempt to rescue Mrs Leavis's reputation from its subordination to F. R. Leavis's seems likely to do so less effectively than the account of her in William Walsh's recent book on her husband.

Robertson's book is freer of inflation, and more concerned with the collaborative nature of the Leavises' achievement. He argues convincingly that the collaboration cannot be properly assessed without a more generous appraisal of Mrs Leavis's writings, though he stops short of the imperious claims cited from F. R.

Leavis, who was the seed from which they evolved their own idea of "the novel as dramatic poem", which culminates in the eventual celebration of Dickens as "the Shakespeare of the novel" (there is irony in the fact, offered up for derision in *Fiction and the Reading Public*, that both Marie Corelli and Hall Caine had fancied themselves as Shakespeares of the novel; and also in the better-known fact that Dickens himself, to whose greatness the Leavises came late, is in the same early book identified with the "crude emotional exercises" of popular entertainment).

This "dramatic" orientation had to be distinguished from the Bradleyan preoccupation with the "characters" of Shakespeare's plays, as also from "theatricality" or from matters of stage-related technique. What they evolved was the notion that "the most important novels have the same

been occurring alongside the growth of literacy was an animating insight for the Leavises' critique of contemporary culture. But the idea of situating the positive norm in a "best eighteenth-century tradition", and of seeing Charlotte Brontë and Dickens as transitional figures in the decline, was arbitrary and unverifiable, and sooner or later to be neutralized by the Leavises' own revised valuations.

An awkward feature from the start was the Leavises' lukewarm estimate of eighteenth-century fiction, and where Q. D. Leavis did offer extended sympathetic analysis of an eighteenth-century novelist, for example Sterne, this hardly paved the way for F. R. Leavis's subsequent "essential discrimination". "Pious" (and nasty) trifling. The famous footnote in *The Great Tradition* is directed at the Bloomsbury view of Sterne "as in some way

were working on Henry James in 1907, and in one of her pieces, immediately after the *Scrutiny* publication of her husband's essay on Dickens's *Hard Times*, Mrs Leavis was contributing to the definition of a novel tradition which "makes use of the technique of the dramatic poem" and which includes Emily Brontë, Melville and Hawthorne, and Conrad and James. The great flowering of this tradition in Dickens was to be perceived later. F. R. Leavis ascribed the downgrading of Dickens in *The Great Tradition* to the fact that he did not undertake a mature rereading of Dickens's work at the time. Robertson sees this as a *faute culpa*, which left the way open for a later treatment which was to be fully enriched by Mrs Leavis's participation after both had enlarged their sympathies.

The period after 1950 and especially after the demise of *Scrutiny* is one of increasing "romantic" emphasis, or of a fusion of classic and romantic, of Jane Austen and Lawrence seen as the heirs of Shakespeare. Q. D. Leavis's essay on "Hawthorne as Poet" in the *Sewanee Review* (1951) contributed to the evolution of the "dramatic poem" concept and reinforced *The Great Tradition's* view of "how James can be linked with Shakespeare through both Jane Austen and Hawthorne", rather than identified with a devitalized Flaubertian dedication to "art". Her later writings on Jane Austen in introductions to *Mansfield Park* (1957) and *Sense and Sensibility* (1958) mark a shift in emphasis from the earlier ones, as do other essays on women writers, including a high reappraisal of Charlotte Brontë in the introduction to the Penguin *Jane Eyre* (1966). (Her studies of women writers at all periods are notably free of facile feminism and sex-hostility. She insisted on regarding the great women writers as "major English novelists irrespective of sex" and in the late 1930s, in a well-known passage also cited by Kinch and likely to exasperate feminists, spoke of the best "female writing" as requiring certain "masculine qualities of mind.")

D. H. Lawrence: Novelist appeared in 1955. The evolution of F. R. Leavis's attitudes to Lawrence, and their influence on his view of the "classical" Eliot, with whom Lawrence is so often paired in Leavis's criticism, are well known. In Robertson's scheme, it is the first important book of the "romantic" phase and a new stage in the rediscovery of Dickens. Dickens is a shadowy presence in the book, and thought of as a somewhat inferior precursor of Lawrence. This in turn opened the way for the upward revaluation of Dickens, which in its turn enhanced the discussion of Lawrence in Leavis's late books, notably *Nor Shall My Sword* (1972).

Dickens the Novelist (1970) is regarded by Robertson as the culmination of the Leavises' work on the novel, both as the most fully collaborative production and as the best. It is in a particular way Mrs Leavis's achievement, since she wrote two-thirds of it and since the three essays by her husband are reprints or reworkings of earlier studies. It is here that the conception of Dickens as "the Shakespeare of the novel" receives its culminating expression, and her part in the evolution of the idea of the novel as dramatic poem was considerable. It is largely from her that the book derives its international perspective; it came more naturally to her than to her husband to see the novelistic tradition as one which includes Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and the American masters, and her writings on American authors, going back to the 1930s, are a decisive element in a rich and perhaps underrated contribution to the study of American literature by the Leavises. P. J. M. Robertson's Appendix on "The Leavises and Other Literatures" offers a convenient sketch of a topic large and interesting enough to warrant study in its own right, and it would be good to see it explored more fully.

Q. D. Leavis's role as a fully accredited collaborator in the critical enterprise came rather later, in many important *Scrutiny* essays. Those on Jane Austen (1941-44) did address themselves to traditional scholarly questions: biography, sources, the reconstruction of processes of composition. Their aim was to rescue Austen from the Janet and John and from sloppy celebrations of "miraculous" genius, bringing out instead her strong adult sensibility and dedicated craftsmanship. They thus also contained enough of the "essential" critical work to justify the omission of an extended treatment of Austen in *The Great Tradition*. The "period of genesis" of that book (1941-47) was indeed one of parallel or complementary activity. Both Leavises



Dr and Mrs Leavis

Leavis in his epigraph. The book offers a useful conspectus of the couple's entire career, and is the first to do so in a way which gives full and equal importance to the role of both partners. It is concerned with a single aspect, the criticism of fiction, and does not deal with the *Scrutiny* operation except in so far as it produced some important novel-criticism. For the *Scrutiny* years, their social history and the biographical facts, we have Francis Mulhern's remarkable book, *The Moment of 'Scrutiny'*. But since Q. D. Leavis's major writings were almost exclusively on fiction, and since F. R.'s fiction-criticism was deeply integrated with his study of poetry and drama, the potential scope of *The Leavises on Fiction* is more comprehensive than its title might suggest.

Leavis often wrote about novels, as he wrote about poems, with an intensive concentration on short passages and a relative indifference to the larger "structural" properties of an extended narrative. The object and the strength of the method was to capture the distinctive quality of a work, its significant "life". It is largely free of that interest in "technique" which informed some of the novel-criticism of authors the Leavises admired, like Henry James. C. H. Rickwood's "Note on Fiction" in *The Calendar of Modern Letters* (1927) had stressed the central importance of what James had called the "interior drama", "at the expense of a partial or mechanical fixation on 'character' or 'story'". This essay,

kind of poetic complexity and organization as Shakespeare's plays. . . . Shakespeare becomes the touchstone for criticism of the novel, and the great novelists are the "natural successors of Shakespeare." The Arnoldian term is appropriate: the centres of value and distinction are found in the "poetry" of representative passages, in their rhythms and imagery, their insights, their felt and communicated "life". The apprehension of these qualities preceded all other critical preoccupations. It established the canon as well as revealing the living centre of individual works.

Fiction and the Reading Public is credited by Robertson with supplying the "investigative . . . scholarship" on which F. R. Leavis's "essential discrimination" are based. This was evidently R. Leavis's view, and if the truth were told it enshrines the two aspects of Q. D. Leavis's role which the mythology has always fostered: her indispensability and her ancillary status. The latter aspect is to be dispensed with, for it is inseparable from the former as the image was allowed to develop. This image does not do justice to Q. D. Leavis's best work, especially the later work. But neither is it true of the earlier. "Investigative scholarship" hardly describes an eagerness to derive more from a right-than from a genuinely historical and unpretentious analysis of older writings. The thesis that a progressive deterioration of taste and standards

extraordinarily significant and mature", and is a particularly exquisite example of the Leavisian put-down by association (dismissing an author by associating him with the "natural successors of Shakespeare"). The Arnoldian term is appropriate: the centres of value and distinction are found in the "poetry" of representative passages, in their rhythms and imagery, their insights, their felt and communicated "life". The apprehension of these qualities preceded all other critical preoccupations. It established the canon as well as revealing the living centre of individual works.

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ARCHITECTURE

Standing firm in the storm

By J. M. Richards

ALAN WINDSOR:
Peter Behrens: Architect and Designer 1868-1940
186pp. Architectural Press. £12.95.
0 85139 072 2

In September of last year two damask table-cloths and twelve table-napkins came up for sale at Christie's and fetched £3,500. "A high price", commented *The Times* sale room correspondent, adding that it exemplified the present fashion for turn-of-the-century art. So it did, and recognized at the same time the unique position held by the German Peter Behrens who designed them for Carl Möckelberg - they were sold by one of his descendants.

Behrens was a versatile designer whose place in the history books is, however, mainly that of an architect - the first to introduce monumentality into industrial buildings without resort to period allusions and the mentor of Walter Gropius, Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe, all of whom worked at one time or another in his office. Alan Windsor claims that Mies's famous aphorism "less is more" began with Behrens.

As an architect Behrens was self-taught. He started as a painter, an illustrator and a designer of many things from type-faces to theatre-sets. Although his revolutionary instincts often seem to be at war with his classical allegiances (his architecture in particular was seldom free from the influence of Schinkel) what emerges in his designs is an urge to humanize technology and in this lies their relevance to our own day. For that reason alone it is surprising that this is the first book on Behrens to have appeared in English. Windsor has written it admirably. As a biographer he is clear and concise. His descriptions of the designs and buildings bring out their character and quality and his judgments are restrained and not forced to conform to any theory. The illustrations are well chosen though muddily reproduced. The plans are irritatingly small.

The book leaves one more gap to be filled: a study of Josef Olbrich, who was in a sense Behrens's teacher though only a year older, and who

might have become an even greater figure had he not died (in 1908) when he was only forty-one. Olbrich was Austrian, but he came to Darmstadt in 1898 (the year in which Behrens migrated there from Munich) at the invitation of the Grand Duke of Hesse who, on succeeding to the title in 1892, had become an enlightened patron of the arts, and especially the practical arts, on the model of his grandfather Prince Albert in England. The Grand Duke employed some of the English architects newly admired in Germany, including Baillie Scott and C. R. Ashbee, to design interiors for his *Residenz*, but a more unusual initiative on his part was the establishment at Darmstadt of a *Kunstlerkolonie*, a group of model houses designed to be at the same time dwellings for artists and, as regards their interiors, demonstrations of the new style of living to be displayed at the forthcoming Darmstadt *Ausstellung* of 1901.

The houses themselves were all designed by Olbrich except one, which was by Behrens - his first work of architecture. It is not a revolutionary building externally, being in a fairly traditional North German style with prominent gables outlined in green glazed bricks. Over the hall window is the inscription "Steh' Fest, mein Haus, im Weltgebrauch" which may be taken to sum up Behrens's contribution to architecture at a time of general upheaval in the arts and most notably a time when Art Nouveau and similar fashions were tending to undermine contemporary attempts to find aesthetic inspiration in the changes taking place in industry and technology.

The plan of the house is much less conventional. Spaces open into each other somewhat like those in the early houses of Frank Lloyd Wright, who was born as it happens one year before Behrens. The Darmstadt house was built five years after Van de Velde's celebrated house at Uccle and has certain resemblances to it, as Windsor points out. Van de Velde was certainly an influence on Behrens, especially in connection with his ambition to elevate the status of architectural and product design to that of the fine arts, and so perhaps was Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who was born in the same year and was another who turned his hand to many branches of design.

appropriate that Gavin Stamp's account of Schultz's work for both the 3rd and 4th Marquesses of Bute, commissioned by the present Marquess, should have appeared in 1981. The earliest known contact between Schultz and the 3rd Marquess occurred in 1889: Schultz was a pupil of the Edinburgh architect Sir Robert Rowand Anderson, who did much work for Bute, but it seems to have been his researches into Byzantine architecture that drew him to Bute's attention. He was subsequently responsible for alterations and additions to several of Bute's many houses, including a number of chapels, as well as restoring or even rebuilding ruined castles and churches. The only job in England was his extensive work at St John's Lodge, Regent's Park, much of which has now sadly disappeared (including the two chapels). After the death of the 3rd Marquess in 1900, Schultz was employed by his son, the 4th Marquess, until 1915, the year of the opening of St Andrew's Chapel, about which time the two men fell out.

Schultz was a typical Arts and Crafts architect in that what mattered most to him were "sound craftsmanship and reasonable building"; style was comparatively unimportant, and he designed in almost every conceivable one. It is hardly surprising that the aesthetic quality of the resulting work should be uneven, but the workmanship redeems it, and his inventiveness was truly remarkable, as is shown by the very striking, unexecuted design for a Catholic church at Rotherham illustrated by Stamp.

Schultz's own fastidious attention to detail is worthily reflected in the exemplary production of this book, printed at the Clarendon Press on antique laid paper, sewn and bound in paper covers, with an Ingres paper wrapper. The typography is impeccable, the margins are wide, and the four diagrams and thirty-three plates are clearly printed. Those who are put off by the price can be assured that this slim but handsome volume will provide them, not only with a perceptive and sympathetic account of a fascinating relationship between an architect and two clients, but with an aesthetic satisfaction rarely to be found in a book these days.

although admired today chiefly as an architect.

After the Darmstadt house Behrens - still with no formal training - acquired a substantial architectural practice, mostly at first limited to domestic and exhibition buildings. Their style was still fairly eclectic with echoes of neoclassicism. He also acquired a reputation as a teacher which remained with him all his life. In 1903 he moved to Düsseldorf and in 1907 to Berlin. In that year and in that city came the turning-point of his career: his appointment by the directors of one of the greatest German industrial concerns, the AEG (Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft) first as designer of a number of their products and then as architect of their buildings. This gave him the chance to fulfil his ambition to introduce the most carefully thought-out aesthetic standards into everyday life and especially into industrial life by means of which Germany was beginning to assert herself in the world.

For 1907 was also the year of the formation of the *Werkbund*, with Behrens a founder member. This was an association concerned not only with the reform of art and design education and the reconciliation of fine and applied art - topics always close to Behrens's heart - but, as Windsor stresses, with the expansion of German influence and economic strength in the world. He cites Friedrich Naumann, the Christian-Socialist political theorist, as comparing the *Werkbund* with the Navy League: "just as the League encouraged Germany to demand a larger role in world politics, so the *Werkbund* should work to extend Germany's economic power."

For AEG Behrens built numerous factories and similar buildings, largely discarding neoclassicism as a style but preserving the rigour and discipline associated with it. Some were of monumental scale, the most famous being the turbine hall at Mohrle in Bad Homburg. Nikolaus Pevsner describes it (in *Pioneers of the Modern Movement*, 1936) as "perhaps the most beautiful industrial building ever erected up to that time", a somewhat surprising judgement in view of his insistence that the classics of early modern architecture were necessarily based on a frank expression of structure.

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British and Irish architectural history: a bibliography and guide to sources of information by Ruth H. Kamen (249pp. The Architectural Press: £30.0 85139 077 3) is divided into sections under seven main headings. Within each section the entries, of which there are 900, are arranged alphabetically by author, or corporate body. For instance, Section 1, entitled "How to find out, guides to the literature", includes publications which describe or list sources such as topographical collections or archives; Section 2, "How to find out about architects and buildings: unpublished sources" furnishes descriptions of unpublished sources which include documents in the British Architectural Library; Section 4 is entitled "How to find out about architects, buildings: periodicals and periodical indexes"; Section 5, "Societies, institutions and organizations", contains a list of published directories to societies; and Section 7, "British and Irish Architectural History", is intended as a basic list of books.

The powerful-looking corners of the Moabit building, framing the great central window on the much-photographed end elevation and banded with masonry, perform in fact no supporting function and bear no relation to the steel framing which encloses the great space within.

Although in his more domestic work Behrens maintained his allegiance to Schinkel, whom he regarded as a more significant pioneer than William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites, in the one opportunity he was given of designing a monumental public building he aimed at something more like a great Renaissance palazzo. This was the German embassy in St Petersburg, which he was commissioned to design in 1911. It has a facade nearly 200 feet long with a giant order of engaged columns and pilasters. The assistant in charge of the project was Mies van der Rohe, who left Behrens's office in 1912. The building still stands. When this reviewer visited it a couple of years ago it was in use as the Leningrad headquarters of the Russian Ministry of Tourism. It had been much altered internally (Windsor says that it was sacked by a Russian mob at the outbreak of the First World War) but Mies's hand was interestingly evident in the detailing of the main staircase and in several fireplaces.

The St Petersburg embassy, in Windsor's apt phrase, "represents a high point in Behrens's professional if not artistic career". He was only forty-four when it was finished, but although he continued to practise successfully his pioneering days were over. His most distinguished subsequent building was the technical headquarters he built at Hoechst between 1920 and 1924 for Hoechst Farbwerke, part of the vast IG Farben company that had come to dominate world production of synthetic dyestuffs. It contains a balconied central hall, ascending in stages to the full height of the building, dramatically expressionist in treatment.

and again reminiscent of Frank Lloyd Wright.

The St Petersburg embassy has been considered, according to Windsor, as something of a prototype for the official architecture of the Third Reich. He says that Adolf Hitler is known to have liked it but he gives no source for this information. Neither is he able to determine just where Behrens's political sympathies lay. His last great industrial building was at Linz in Austria, and he was vice-president of the Austrian *Werkbund* when, in 1933, the decision was taken to exclude Jews and Socialists from membership as the parent body in Germany had already done. In addition he made some attempts to ingratiate himself with the new powers in Germany, although it is uncertain whether he was a Nazi Party member, and he agreed to design a new AEG headquarters building (never executed) as part of the monumental avenue, the *Nord-Süd Achse*, which Albert Speer planned for Berlin to complement the east-west axis formed by Unter den Linden and the Strasse des 17 Juni. On the other hand Speer claimed that he had been able to protect Behrens when the latter was accused of association with Jews and Bolsheviks. Behrens made no attempt to get out of Germany, as did so many of the younger architects, including his erstwhile pupils Gropius and Mies. It was in Berlin that he died in 1940.

His working life, which thus ends on a sadly equivocal note, nevertheless provides the key to much that happened in architecture and design in the first half of the present century. Subject to every influence from Art Nouveau to Nazism, he shaped them all, not only into his own designs but into the ethos of his generation through his standing as an educator and administrator. Alan Windsor justly describes him as devoted to a concept of life that was benign and creative in spite of the social and political upheavals through which he lived.

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Asking to be interrupted

By Grevel Lindop

ANDREW WATERMAN:
Out for the Elements
151pp. Manchester: Carcanet New
Press. £3.95.
0 85635 377 9

"Life," remarks Andrew Waterman, "has ways of interrupting / poetry". The adventure he undertakes in his fourth book, *Out for the Elements*, is to develop a poetry as vulnerable as possible to the impact of "life" - a poetry that achieves "focus" - a favourite Waterman word - by "trust in craft, collaboration / with elements": the craft being a tight formal control and the elements, mainly, those of ordinary human experience as exemplified by a year or so of the poet's own life.

Out for the Elements - the long title-poem as well as the whole volume - might roughly be described as an autobiography framed in a diary: the past recaptured through the preoccupations of the present. The book's four sections interlock neatly. "Given Worlds" is a sequence of twenty lyrics exploring individual memories or insights: the hopeless marital quarrel, the grisly summer day at the office ("Downfall all the Way", finely carved out from a slacker, wordier version in Waterman's first book), childhood memories, visions of old age. Not all these poems succeed; a few verge on banality and some are much too close to well-known poems by Larkin. But the parts add up to a larger whole. The real concern of "Given Worlds" is the quest for significant patterns - visions, archetypes, whatever - that might lie somewhere beyond the messy human reality and make sense of it. Yet the quest for that "Place" Waterman finds in the realm of the imagination a "Contraption of / such clarity, a frigid blaze / still throwing off enlarging rings", a "beautiful sterility, / soliciting no cries out here". Elsewhere, he refers almost with indignation to the way art delivers its "sentence designed to knock us cold... charging / our days with everything they meant / returning them to us petrified". The notion of the Platonic Form gleaming at us from the custard advertisement is, of course, present in Larkin's work, but Waterman gives it a new urgency. He strongly desires and resents the consolations of art and the imagination - a tension that makes *Out for the Elements* an engaging and exciting book.

The section of "Shorter Poems" which follows contains nothing that is particularly impressive, except "The Worst Tale", a labyrinthine tangle of village gossip reported in Waterman's bemused, deadpan manner; the poem is very funny indeed. In retrospect, however, one sees that the short poems are essentially footnotes and marginal glosses to "Anglo-Irish" and "Out for the Elements", the two longer poems which form the book's core.

"Anglo-Irish" explores the present situation in Northern Ireland from Waterman's standpoint as a marginal figure commuting several times a year between England and Coleraine. It offers no conclusions, and certainly no "solution", unless you believe in "Geology... five billion years of continental drift / and I'll hit Greenland, where the polar-bears are welcome to it". Yet the poem's considerable power derives from the fact that Waterman clearly loves the place and its inhabitants at least as much as he hates them, and so is able to say bluntly, without malice, several of the things one is not supposed to say about the North's

tribes - both glad of the English to leave, and wailing for help, and for having life less real than they boast with pride, both touching and corrupted deeply.

The feeling that life is more real in the North of Ireland is one that Waterman seems uneasily to share. He is writing about the North, but

bited English who fear political argument and "would speak reciting it asked 'Come to Ulster'". The fluent invective makes lively, disturbing reading; its account of folly and corruption is harsh but never condemnatory. And at certain moments there are glimpses through the incoherent and ludicrous of a mythic significance: a bus driver, for example, stops his bus in open country, gets out and

begins what I can only take to be an ethnic dance, each leg alternate lifting. I'm wondering what planet I am on; or is he mad king Sweeney's incarnation who hopped half-bird in fields and lived on crosses?

The explanation, when it comes, is simple enough: "a bee had / got up his trouser-leg while he was driving". The anecdotal tone and the taste for absurdity, combined with Waterman's supple, economical use of deceptively simple. Yet there is a sense of purposeful garrulity, a torrent of words but not one wasted, the whole ordered by a fast, quirky intelligence.

These qualities are carried over into "Out for the Elements", which is written with remarkable facility in the complex fourteen-line *Eugene Onegin* stanza. It is long - 2,491 lines in all, one stanza being a line short -

Bringing the light

By Robin Buss

JACQUES ROUBAUD:
Dors
Précédé de Dire la Poésie
145pp. Paris: Gallimard.

The poem that we hear is not the same as the one we read with the eye. To receive it, we need not be part of an audience: Jacques Roubaud cites the shepherds of East Africa - he is not sure whether they are Sudanese or Eritrean - who recite to themselves alone or to their flocks. And he recalls at the 1977 Cambridge Poetry Festival an audience whose expectation of

poetry was at first denied by the absence of Denis Roche ("Il a envoyé son télégramme grand-mère malade" and the arrival of a Black Mountain non-poet so drunk that he stood for ten minutes in front of the microphone unable to speak, except to complain of the lights. The poetry, when it did at last emerge, in many voices and accents, seemed to Roubaud to have a life independent of the shaggy flock in the auditorium.

Dire la Poésie is an extended reflection on this spoken dimension, the twin of what is written on the page, but not a defence, necessarily, of performance poetry, which too often adopts rhetorical devices without submitting to rhetorical constraints. It is the constraints that attract Roubaud, who has ex-

Creatures

A lime tree buzzed with its remembered bees.
We stood on the terrace. Fanatic prayers
Roared in the darkening grass. Silenced martyr
"Ave!" Cicadas. Insect toasters.

Nervously proud, itself, and secular,
A fox patrolled on its instinctive route
Past us and nut trees to the absolute.
Wild pathless woods, a French fox, pure regard.

Herisson and the encyclopaedic owl
Floated the ground and sky of dusk. Oldest
Inhabited valley - we felt it blessed
By creatures and impacted human soul.

She said, "The world is coming out tonight."
Vézère's falaises moved grey, an ivied mist
Disguised the distance and we stood, one trust:
In hazards, settling birds, the impolite

Beetles, the heavy hornets and the truths
Compiling in our senses, plain, of this life,
If inarticulate. I love my wife.
Our two lives fluttered like two windowed moths.

She was the gentlest creature of them all.
She scattered milk-dipped bread for the lazy snakes
Asleep in the Mouliniers' bramble-brakes.
I asked her, "Why?" "It's only natural."

A paradisaic stasis filled the dark.
She scattered bread. "A snake's a shy creature."
I dip my bread in milk, and I think of her.
The chateleine of her reasonable ark.

Douglas Dunn

but the wit and vividness do not flag. It deals with an astonishing range of material, using a framework of characteristically wry and introspective account of Waterman's nomadic existence in England and Ireland during 1979 and 1980. Into this structure is fitted, by means of flashback, a brief autobiography - love-affairs, friendships and dead-end jobs - as well as a Moss Side christening-party, Korchnoi playing chess at County Hall, the growth of violence in Belfast, arguments in pubs, a visit to the cool, staccato-hung recesses of Poole's Cavern in Derbyshire and much more besides.

The range of material, as well as the intricate rhyming stanzas, will probably, for the English reader, recall Byron rather than Pushkin, and as with *Don Juan* (or, for that matter, *Tristram Shandy*) life and art develop together and form a strange counterpoint. Poetry and experience collide several times; a stanza soaring into speculation about the existence of parallel universes is fractured by a stanza hurrying through the window of Waterman's Manchester flat:

I pick shattered
glass from my carpet, slightly thrown
myself. Some passing drunk? teenagers?
A clairvoyant? Moss Side unbragging
Samuel Johnson refusing me
after the manner in which he
disposed of Berkeley's speculations?
In the pub he talks to a depressed
girl, who is soon telling him "We're
five, my kids and me", though, it
turns out, three of her children died

in infancy: "Oh, I remember / all their birthdays, me they stay / alive and growing every day". Waterman reflects, with a fierce pleasure, "There's / life answering academic jacks / who, reading Wordsworth, have demurred / at 'We Are Seven', as absurd". (Waterman is fond of these reformulations of the great moments of Romanticism; thus, for example, Keats's unheard melodies become "the unrecorded golden / long-lost cornet of Buddy Bolden / inventing jazz blow[ing] sweet and clear / to the imagination's ear". Not just a playful mannerism, these details serve to make the poem, on one level, a criticism and reaffirmation of Romantic values.)

The most remarkable interruption of poetry by life occurs at the end of Part Two, where the poet, who was brought up in adoption, suddenly learns the names of his actual parents. The news contains a surprise of such ironic implication that I shall not weaken its impact by revealing it here; enough to say that it will force most readers into a startled re-appraisal of all that has preceded it in the book.

The poem's range of diction is as wide as that of its subjects. Its modes vary from the rich pastoralism of:

white cottages with turfs scattered
along some quartzveined glen-side battered

explored them in Japanese verse, in the chain poetry of *Renga*, in the Grands Rhétoriciens, in Provencal and Italian poetry and in the experiments of *OutLipo*. His impassioned celebration of the alexandrine, *La velleuse d'Alexandre*, ended with the assertion that he could not predict how poetry would emerge from the *crise de vers* which he had described, but made it clear that he saw hope in a return to rigorous formal constraints.

He suggests a variety of different readings for the three sections of *Dors* which bring out the semantic and structural parallels between the poems. The key-words are darkness, silence and solitude, which is to say the absence of light, sound and other people. The windows look inwards, the

night is non-reflective, *sans luit*, a mirror without silvering, in a phrase which has come, since the late nineteenth century, to imply a kind of purity and which intensifies the idea of absence. These are spare, ascetic poems, moving towards that danger of "raréfactive réflexion des signes sur la page, toujours plus grande qu'eux", which Roubaud noted in the *Journal d'Alexandre* as a characteristic of much contemporary verse and which is only partly compensated for by the elaborate play of correspondence between the individual words in the series.

There is a much richer surface to "Tombeaux de Pétrarque", made up of nine *neuvèmes*, a form invented by Raymond Queneau on the model of the *sestina*, where the same words are repeated in each stanza in varying order at the end of each line. The key-words are taken from the fifty-four end-words in the nine sections of Petrarch's *Canzoniere*, every line of Roubaud's poem containing three of these words, either at the beginning, middle or end of the line. The effect on the reader is similar to the effect of expectation produced by rhyme, but more hypnotic (which is not the only link with the poems of *Dors*). Spoken aloud they do acquire a resonance which is lacking on the printed page.

The guiding themes of darkness and light preside over the two final sections, inspired by Irish poetry of the Dark Ages and Red Indian hymns to the sun and the wind: "Le bout de nos doigts porte la trace du vent... [I am] no judge of the authenticity of these and can only be grateful to Roubaud for the pleasure they gave me. Like the other poems in the collection they celebrate, with apparent ease, the hard graft of bringing light out of darkness, setting the elusive word, working a demanding form, which makes the difference between a poem and a drunken hiccup. The Irish poet on his cat:

Parfois après une lutte terrible
une souris tombe en son pouvoir
et moi je prends dans mon filet
un mot difficile à comprendre

Même si notre labeur est long
nous ne nous dérangeons jamais
car chacun aime son travail
et chacun en profite seul

Le travail qu'il accomplit chaque jour
est celui pour lequel il est fait
et moi je suis préparé au mien:
mieux, l'obscure à la lumière.

The original volume was one of many attempts to embrace Leonardo's range by employing a team of specialists from different disciplines, each of whom wrote on "Leonardo

All parts and no whole

By Martin Kemp

ANNA MARIA BRIZIO, MARIA
VITTORIA BRUGNOLI and ANDRÉ
CHASTEL:

Leonardo the Artist
0 09 142641 3

CARLO ZIMMATTIO, AUGUSTO
MARINONI and ANNA MARIA BRIZIO:
Leonardo the Scientist
0 09 142651 0

LUDWIG H. HEYDENREICH, BERN
DIBNER and LADISLAV RETI:
Leonardo the Inventor
0 09 142661 8
192 pages each. Hutchinson. £4.95
each.

Art publishing is a curious business - or so it appears to academic authors. In the popular, semi-popular and relatively scholarly sectors of the market, it often seems as though all the publishers are chasing the same books on a few favoured artists. Among central Italian artists of the High Renaissance, Leonardo and Michelangelo certainly fall into this most favoured category. Raphael hovering at its fringes, while Fra Bartolomeo and Andrea del Sarto are guaranteed to send all but the most dedicated of academic presses running for cover.

The publishers of the three books under review have judged that the market can bear even a repackaged assortment of essays which had previously appeared as a single volume in 1974 as *The Unknown Leonardo* under the editorship of the late Ladislav Reti. The stimulus behind the original volume was the rediscovery in 1965 of the two Codices in the Madrid Biblioteca Nacional, made available to the public nine years later in facsimile and transcription with a judicious translation and commentary by Reti. *The Unknown Leonardo*, at least in those essays which functioned best, aimed to make sense of the new Codices in the broader context of Leonardo's other surviving work. Although the end result was rather schizophrenic, aspiring to be both a book about the new discoveries and a general introduction to Leonardo's universality, it proved to be more consistently useful than most scissors-and-paste jobs, and it attracted less than its due notice when it first appeared.

Designed and often over-designed, by Emil Bührer, *The Unknown Leonardo* combined pages of handsome appearance, with pages full of illustrative trickery which served to make life confusing for the reader. The regrouped essays in the three smaller volumes look immediately attractive. They have retained much of the generally excellent quality of the original colour illustrations and benefited from the simplification in design which has accompanied the smaller format. Appearances, however, can be deceptive. The majority of the illustrations have been taken over at the original scale, regardless of the reduced page area. The result is some extraordinary slippings and distortions of text. The Borghese "Leda", for example, has been severed at knee level, given a special kind of centre-fold treatment which underlines the side around which she "contraposts" while hilariously exposing that the spine of the book contains that part of her anatomy which is most relevant to the narrative.

On a more serious level, the compilation of the original book and its subsequent repackaging raise important questions about our willingness and ability to approach the Renaissance and its greatest artists in terms which are not irredeemably anachronistic. The visual fragmentation of the design is matched by the process of fragmentation to which recent generations have subjected Leonardo's

work. The title of this collection of ten essays, principally on Italian sculpture, might seem to be a critical method. The conscious emulation of Bernard Berenson's volumes of critical essays called *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*. A presumptuous emulation, one might think, were it not for the fact that this book throughout reveals Sir John Pope-Hennessy's sizeable debt to Berenson's critical position. Indeed, in setting forth in the opening essays what the dust-jacket calls, with some overstatement, a "manifesto wherein the author... defines his own approach" to critical problems, the book can be seen as Pope-Hennessy's fulsome tribute to the tradition of connoisseurship of which Berenson was a preeminent representative.

Many of the problems tackled in these essays are well-known to the historian of early Renaissance art. Pope-Hennessy's solutions to them (whether or not on balance acceptable) are, however, often refreshingly unconventional and illuminating, both as contributions to our understanding of the sculptors concerned and as exercises in method, examples of connoisseurship in action. The book affords many revealing glimpses of the author's attitudes and changes in those attitudes during his career. Of Donatello's independent bronze reliefs, he states that "this is an area to which my attitude was at one time negative, but in which I

as a...". That it was more successful than most attempts was partly due to Reti's guiding hand and to a good choice of authors, including such established heavy-weights as Chastel, Marinoni and Heydenreich, the latter in particularly good form. Not the least informative essays were provided by Reti himself, on "The Elements of Machines" and, in partnership with Bedini, on "Horology". This second essay has been excluded from the present volumes, together with Winternitz's characteristically agreeable "Leonardo and Music". The only obvious explanation for their omission is that they do not fit in with the repackaging. But it is Leonardo's activities into our modern schemes of intellectual classification that the really serious problems begin.

One of Leonardo's designs for *imprese* shows a sieve through which sand freely runs. The political meaning of the *impresa* is that the sand falls because it is not united. It can also justly serve as an emblem for our attempts to capture the nature of Leonardo's creative intellect in what we call art and science. Its central core continually seems to run through our fingers like sand through a sieve - not, I believe, because this core did not exist, but because our apparatus is ill-equipped to retain it intact. *The Unknown Leonardo*, even if it did not capture this unity, at least possessed the advantage that it gathered together a number of aspects of his diversity in one place. The present three-part division of the essays under the headings of "The Artist", "The Scientist" and "The Inventor" is a monument to a special kind of compartmentalized utility.

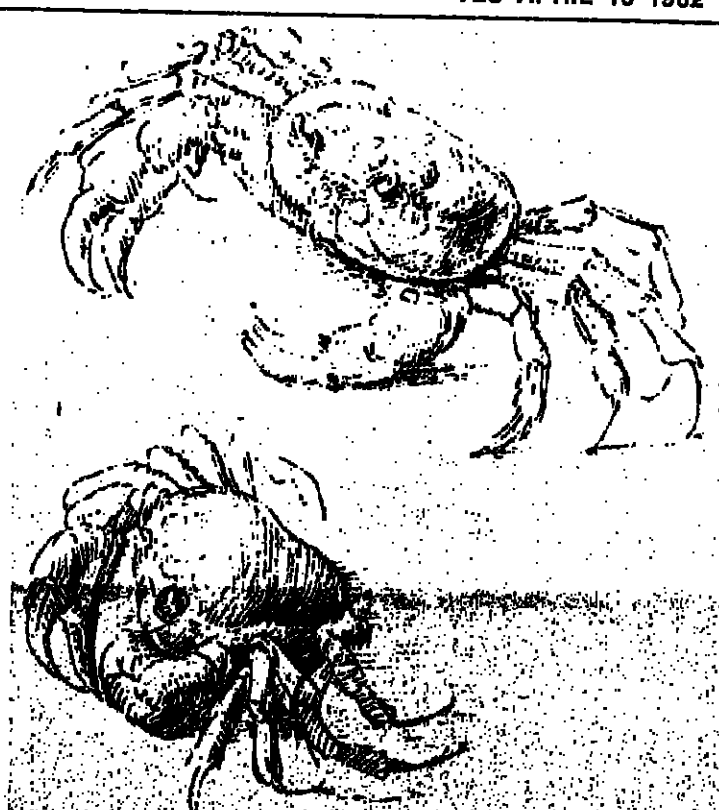
Leonardo the Artist contains a piece (and wisely anonymous) attempt to illustrate "The Universal Genius", a survey of Leonardo's paintings which is cut short, about 1505 by an excursus on the *Madama Codices* (by Anna Maria Brizio); a rather speculative essay devoted largely to the proposed casting techniques for the Sforza Monument, now masquerading as an account of

"The Sculptor" (by Maria Vittoria Brugnoli); and a decent exploration of the treatise on painting, with special reference to the Spanish manuscripts, retitled "The Teacher" (by André Chastel).

Leonardo the Scientist features a useful essay on hydraulic and architectural engineering (by Carlo Zamattio); an exposition of Leonardo as a writer, which contains some good things, but seems uncertain of what it is trying to accomplish as a whole (by Augusto Marinoni); a rag-bag of miscellaneous quotations from the notebooks; a few pages devoted to Leonardo's supposed bicycle, of which I continue to be deeply suspicious (by Marinoni again); and an illustrated chronology which makes no consistent attempt to differentiate between documented and hypothetical dates. The volume contains nothing central to his optics, anatomy, physiology, impetus mechanics, or geology. Its title is resoundingly misleading.

Leonardo the Inventor is the most satisfactory of the books. It comprises three essays which relate to one another nicely. Ludwig Heydenreich's good account of the military architecture, including the Arco di San Pietro and the Piombino fortifications, both of which have been significantly illustrated from the Madrid discoveries; Bern Dibner's convincing account of "Machines and Weapons"; and Reti's perceptive comments on the important series of mechanical drawings in Madrid. The relative success of this volume can be attributed to the authors and to the fact that the Madrid Codices' most substantial contributions to our knowledge of Leonardo are in the field of engineering. However, the ration of three major essays per volume has excluded Reti and Bedini and their pieces and forced other aspects of his engineering into "The Scientist" compartment.

Many of the difficulties arise simply as by-products of the repackaging process, but they do reflect a deeper malaise in Renaissance scholarship. The general thrust of histor-



A crab caught in two sketches by Leonardo, c. 1481; reproduced from *The Inventions of Leonardo da Vinci* by Charles Gibbs-Smith and Gareth Rees (110pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £7.95. 0 7148 1814 3).

ical scholarship in our institutions of higher education still seems to be towards specialization, in which each sub-discipline is required to demonstrate its virility by forging a language and developing techniques which exclude all but its special initiates. The gains in technical understanding and documentation of the past have been less than in the history of art - but at a price. That price has been the sacrifice of the broader insight which the kind of blinkered specialization of Leonardo, and Dorothy Koenigberger's *Renaissance Man and Creative Thinking* bravely attempts to restore, tending to over-interpret Leonardo's philosophy. I would like to think that such exceptions represent the beginnings of a trend, but I am not at all confident that this is so.

The way to a proper understanding of Leonardo is frustrated not only by our inability to approach him across

the whole range of his endeavours, but also by our failure to recognize the fundamental habits of analogy and sense of universal affinities which characterized many of the greatest attempts in the later Middle Ages to understand the nature of created things. There are, fortunately, exceptions to this incapacity. Patrick Boyde's *Dante Philomythes* and *Philosopher* provides one recent example, though Dante scholarship has never suffered so chronically from the kind of blinkered specialization of Leonardo. And Dorothy Koenigberger's *Renaissance Man and Creative Thinking* bravely attempts to restore, tending to over-interpret Leonardo's philosophy. I would like to think that such exceptions represent the beginnings of a trend, but I am not at all confident that this is so.

In which critical camp, then, does Pope-Hennessy finally stand? He quotes Offner's other famous assertion of the primacy of connoisseurship, "If a document fails to agree with what I see with my own eyes, then the document is wrong", but he neither accepts it nor, by clarifying his own position, positively rejects it. By implication, though, he cannot follow Offner's extremist line: intuition controlled by historical information provides the middle-ground on which Pope-Hennessy pitches camp, for "connoisseurship is not a poor substitute for knowledge; but, provides, the 'only' means by which our limited stock of documented knowledge can be broadened and brought into conformity with what actually occurred". The essay on "Connoisseurship" evolves finally into an appeal for the acceptance of this middle-ground in the teaching of future generations of art historians. "I believe simply that art history is a looser, more speculative science than some of its practitioners suppose, and that the technique of connoisseurship must be inculcated and encouraged if it is significant, as it is." In practice, Pope-Hennessy may himself at times be accused of discouraging the exercise of "controlled intuition", as in his characteristically ruthless and caustic demolition of a young scholar's hypothesis that a major late fifteenth-century Florentine portrait - but may be a fake; but in theory this stirring appeal has much to be said for it. It may not be an exacting definition of the subject, but many of his judgments of authenticity, or authorship in this essay, and others in the book, have the air of

The connoisseur's case

By Francis Ames-Lewis

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY:
The Study and Criticism of Italian
Sculpture
270pp. Princeton University Press. £26.
0 691 03667 4

The title of this collection of ten essays, principally on Italian sculpture, might seem to be a critical method. The conscious emulation of Bernard Berenson's volumes of critical essays called *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*. A presumptuous emulation, one might think, were it not for the fact that this book throughout reveals Sir John Pope-Hennessy's sizeable debt to Berenson's critical position. Indeed, in setting forth in the opening essays what the dust-jacket calls, with some overstatement, a "manifesto wherein the author... defines his own approach" to critical problems, the book can be seen as Pope-Hennessy's fulsome tribute to the tradition of connoisseurship of which Berenson was a preeminent representative.

Many of the problems tackled in these essays are well-known to the historian of early Renaissance art. Pope-Hennessy's solutions to them (whether or not on balance acceptable) are, however, often refreshingly unconventional and illuminating, both as contributions to our understanding of the sculptors concerned and as exercises in method, examples of connoisseurship in action. The book affords many revealing glimpses of the author's attitudes and changes in those attitudes during his career. Of Donatello's independent bronze reliefs, he states that "this is an area to which my attitude was at one time negative, but in which I

have become increasingly expansionist", a change which may (as Pope-Hennessy suggests in his first essay) be associated with the wisdom of age, and which is surely to be welcomed. Whereas it was the task of earlier generations of art historians to strip major figures of the minor works which, like impet-like, had become stuck to their names, many later scholars exercise their judgment by sensing through intuition the idiosyncratic qualities of major artists in works earlier rejected on the relatively restrictive grounds of dated style-criticism. The prime example of this approach is Pope-Hennessy's intriguing reassessment of the Bargello "Crucifixion" relief, which has had a chequered critical history, but is here once again accepted as an important late work by Donatello.

In judgments of style, quality and authorship, intuition is favoured by Pope-Hennessy over the rigorous, quasi-objective analytical approach adopted by scholars who distrust connoisseurship as a critical method. In his essay on Donatello's "Madonna" relief, for example, he comments that "I have a tremendous suspicion of logic; give me controlled intuition any day of the week". This aside is much more significant than appears at first sight, for the qualified term "controlled intuition" is perhaps the key to Pope-Hennessy's delicately-balanced position between two critical traditions. In the first essay in this book, a previously unpublished lecture entitled, simply, "Connoisseurship", the author attempts fully to clarify his position, so that it should serve (as he himself suggests in the preface) as an introduction to the other essays, as a guide to the way in which we, with him, may approach the works of art that he discusses.

Pope-Hennessy joins battle at once in this first essay. "My own interest in art history (and I should say this frankly at the start) lies predominantly in the murky area known as connoisseurship... the problems which I attack from choice are those arising out of works of art, for which the work of art itself is the main, sometimes the sole source of evidence". From the critical (although not from the merely art-historical) point of view, this essay is clearly the most important in the book. It starts with a brief history of the tradition of connoisseurship, from Jonathan Richardson through Morelli, Berenson and others to Richard Offner's *An Outline of a Theory of Method*. "Only at one point in Offner's essay would I demur", writes Pope-Hennessy, quoting Offner's statement that "the art historian has this in common with the better part of thinking humanity, that he knows by a sort of Kantian intuition when he is right". That Offner here overstressed the accuracy and value of intuition as a critical tool Pope-Hennessy demonstrates with two examples of errors of intuitive judgment. The first example he might have added a third, in the original version of the last essay in his book, "The Forging of Italian Renaissance Sculpture". When published in 1974, as Pope-Hennessy recalls, this article "caused a flurry of thermoluminescence testing by the owners of suspect terra-cottas... and as a result it has been demonstrated that two works which I had looked on as forgeries... undoubtedly date from the fifteenth century". Pope-Hennessy can admit, then, that he was mistaken in such cases, and he rightly doubts whether an appeal to intuition is of much use; yet, in many of his judgments of authenticity, or authorship in this essay, and others in the book, have the air of

ex cathedra pronouncements. One wonders, in the light of these errors of his intuition, how he can continue to be so serenely confident of other similar judgments.

In which critical camp, then, does Pope-Hennessy finally stand? He quotes Offner's other famous assertion of the primacy of connoisseurship, "If a document fails to agree with what I see with my own eyes, then the document is wrong", but he neither accepts it nor, by clarifying his own position, positively rejects it. By implication, though, he cannot follow Offner's extremist line: intuition controlled by historical information provides the middle-ground on which Pope-Hennessy pitches camp, for "connoisseurship is not a poor substitute for knowledge; but, provides, the 'only' means by which our limited stock of documented knowledge can be broadened and brought into conformity with what actually occurred". The essay on "Connoisseurship" evolves finally into an appeal for the acceptance of this middle-ground in the teaching of future generations of art historians. "I believe simply that art history is a looser, more speculative science than some of its practitioners suppose, and that the technique of connoisseurship must be inculcated and encouraged if it is significant, as it is." In practice, Pope-Hennessy may himself at times be accused of discouraging the exercise of "controlled intuition", as in his characteristically ruthless and caustic demolition of a young scholar's hypothesis that a major late fifteenth-century Florentine portrait - but may be a fake; but in theory this stirring appeal has much to be said for it. It may not be an exacting definition of the subject, but many of his judgments of authenticity, or authorship in this essay, and others in the book, have the air of

The trumpery dolls

By Patricia Craig

ELIZABETH BERRIDGE:
People at Play
184pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
0 34 06804 7

"At once Della sat down and began to tell them all about her extraordinary afternoon." This sentence, which occurs towards the end of Elizabeth Berridge's novel, might have been taken straight out of a children's story – say *Josephine and Her Dolls*, by Mrs Craddock. Della's audience is composed of dolls, as it happens, though Della herself is not especially whimsical or fanciful, and not at all confused in her apprehension of reality. Dolls form perhaps indelibly large throughout the book, beginning with "The trumpery dolls, the toys" in the epigraph, and symbolizing the central characters' inability to flourish in the world of flesh and blood.

Della Bannister, who once ran off with a prisoner of war and lost her hearing in Germany before returning to England bearing a wooden boy-doll carved by her husband, has inherited a collection of antique dolls from her mother, the late proprietor of a high-class old people's home called High Pines. Her mother's housekeeper is a Mrs Spolianski whose son Stani runs, on behalf of Mrs Bannister and after her death in Bayswater which caters for the mildly disturbed. Della and Stani – Lindley's daughter and housekeeper's son – are alike in their oddity and waywardness, and in their slightly absurd and not altogether credible occupations: she doctors dolls, he is employed by a retailer of fancy goods who operates from a Soho basement.

Stani, of mixed Polish-Jewish-Scottish ancestry, is a little grubby and churchy, wears a few raincoats and entertains a fancy for painting flowers on bare young flesh (people who lived through the gaudy 1960s, in which decade this novel is set, may recall a slight vogue for decorated female bodies). Lucy, fifteen-year-old daughter of the gardener at High Pines, is his accomplice in this activity. In the course of which his desperate respectability never falters, or falters only slightly; he has no

designs on Lucy other than to paint designs on Lucy. (There are sexual implications in the novel, but there is no sexual feeling at all.) Lucy also serves as a model for a temporary occupant of Stani's Bayswater basement, a Miss Pilbeam, potter-turned-vagrant, who takes off one day, leaving behind an unfinished clay head.

The proliferation of artifacts – bits of sculpture, carved dolls, china dolls, gimcrack dolls purloined from ferocious stallholders – gives an artificial quality to the undertaking. Stani, not inaptly, thinks of himself as "A wooden man moving into the lower regions where he was safe, at home, down the back stairs to where his mother rules..." (Della, too, is possibly not named Bannister by accident.) You feel the author has marshalled a whole assembly of figurines, the real and the unreal not too sharply differentiated. She displays, perhaps, too avid a relish for the extraordinary, and jet-setting realism too readily for the sake of freakishness (there are craftier novelists addicted to the surprising who manage to achieve both). Her characters are peculiarly foreign, or native, or just peculiar – and there are too many who serve no purpose other than to clutter up the background, making the narrative untidy. They come and go very quickly: joss-stick burners in the basement, old people at High Pines. The latter, it's true (displaced by age, as others in this storyteller's hotchpotch are displaced by nationality or temperament), contribute a welcome sense of sprightliness to the atmosphere; they are also more engaging than the young, and more honestly and appropriately eccentric than the middle-aged.

Perhaps it is part of the author's scheme to juxtapose the ephemeral with the long-lasting, for the purpose of oblique social comment. The book seems less, however, a fable of England in decline than a series of recollections and incidents designed to show up individual instabilities. The novel with which it is likely to be compared is William Trevor's *The Boarding House*, though she lacks Trevor's facility in the depiction of comic trouble-making. Elizabeth Berridge has a comparable wryness and enthusiasm for the decoratively seedy. *People at Play*, though, with its roots in the fairy tale and the nursery tale as well as the dotty comedy, ends up with a hybrid and erratic blossoming.

The idea of kidnapping the British Prime Minister, which is the central theme of Hardiman Scott's novel, is not new to political activists in Ireland. In the 1890s an eccentric Ulster Unionist called Crawford devised an elaborate plan to seize Gladstone with a supply of axes and a quantity of classical literature. *Operation 10* is an altogether more serious affair. Carefully briefed by the Provisional IRA's Army Council, a group of terrorists meticulously and professionally prepare to capture and hold the Prime Minister hostage with the apparent intention of exacting concessions from the British government.

The four members of the kidnap team are quite convincingly drawn. Liam Grady, the leader, is an iron-willed puritan patriot with an ulcer, which perhaps explains his bizarre approval of Bernard Shaw. Grady has some difficulty coping with the driver, Sean O'Sullivan, a venal psychopath given a veneer of "purpose and discipline" through service with the IRA. Military expertise is provided by Patrick Farrell, a sergeant in the British army. Second generation Birmingham Irish, he was converted to Irish republicanism by his grandfather's romantic memories of the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin. The team is completed by Maury Lynch, a shapely ex-nurse bitterly seeking personal revenge for her brother's death in Northern Ireland. Although Scott vividly exploits the sexual tension which she stimulates, he explores her own character insufficiently fully to explain the vital role she ultimately plays in the novel.

Countering Grady's team is a police double-act Superintendent Whitaker, bluff and traditional, with a hunch that the Provisionals are planning "something big," and his imperturbable public school assistant, Sergeant Trew. The policemen are less believable than the terrorists. Scott spreads his characterization a little thinly – but the contrast between the smoothly-run kidnaping police response is particularly well handled.

There is a third broad group of characters: "real" people. The Prime Minister, to be kidnapped, is Mrs Thatcher herself, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner is Sir David McNee, and Scott gives us the full range of current cabinet ministers. Although no doubt adopted to add topicality and realism to the novel, this is an unhappy device, amounting

to a police double-act Superintendent Whitaker, bluff and traditional, with a hunch that the Provisionals are planning "something big," and his imperturbable public school assistant, Sergeant Trew. The policemen are less believable than the terrorists. Scott spreads his characterization a little thinly – but the contrast between the smoothly-run kidnaping police response is particularly well handled.

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Dog days

By J. K. L. Walker

ARTHUR HOPCRAFT:
Mid-Century Men
254pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.
0 341 10782 2

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that the reputations of decades, like those of individuals, can be expected to survive their time. In some cases bring about a revival (as with the currently fashionable 1940s); others, such as the 1950s, that "false start", as A. S. Byatt termed it in *The Virgin in the Garden*, must remain in limbo until their sins have been adequately purged.

Mid-Century Men, much of the action of which takes place in this latter un-decade and the scarcely more fashionable 1960s, will do little to hasten this process. As seen in hindsight through the middle-aged

eyes of Craddock, the novel's television playwright anti-hero, the era seems both seedy and flash. The view is focused, for Craddock, by his involvement with young Peter Franklin from *Voices*, London's radical entertainment magazine which is hot on the tail of Craddock's lifelong friend Llewellyn, one-time Labour MP and now a Home Office minister. With a glum naturalism only too redolent of the 1950s, Hopcraft brings out the snapshots: 1959 – Lieutenant Llewellyn and Corporal Craddock with two village girls (not visible in picture) in a summer cornfield; 1962 – Brinkley Bay, Northumberland, beside the sea-side, with Llewellyn fighting and losing a by-election but triumphing in bed with his hard-working supporters; 1969 – Craddock at Malta Airport, equipped for a relaxing holiday chez Llewellyn and his American second wife Mary with half a dozen packets of small cigars, a bottle of whisky and copies of the *TLS*. Echoes of the Poulson and T. Dan Smith scandals are heard as rumours circulate of Llewellyn's involvement with George Birtles.

Hopcraft's novel is a series of snapshots, but it is a series of snapshots which underlay some aspects of public life twenty or so years ago. The treatment, however, lacks depth and strength in the reader – and awareness also in the author – as power and hedonism, as seen in the person of Llewellyn, can be matched by the desecration of the spirit that results from an existence finely tuned to writing television plays about quarrelling cyclists in North Yorkshire. Like Craddock's bachelor cottage in the genteified Battersea, Wandsworth-Wimbledon belt of south-west London, *Mid-Century Men* is neat but rather disappointing the mid-century with the fun taken out.

Purloining the PM

By Keith Jeffery

HARDIMAN SCOTT:
Operation 10
218pp. Bodley Head. £6.95.
0 370 30462 4

The idea of kidnapping the British Prime Minister, which is the central theme of Hardiman Scott's novel, is not new to political activists in Ireland. In the 1890s an eccentric Ulster Unionist called Crawford devised an elaborate plan to seize Gladstone with a supply of axes and a quantity of classical literature. *Operation 10* is an altogether more serious affair. Carefully briefed by the Provisional IRA's Army Council, a group of terrorists meticulously and professionally prepare to capture and hold the Prime Minister hostage with the apparent intention of exacting concessions from the British government.

The four members of the kidnap team are quite convincingly drawn. Liam Grady, the leader, is an iron-willed puritan patriot with an ulcer, which perhaps explains his bizarre approval of Bernard Shaw. Grady has some difficulty coping with the driver, Sean O'Sullivan, a venal psychopath given a veneer of "purpose and discipline" through service with the IRA. Military expertise is provided by Patrick Farrell, a sergeant in the British army. Second generation Birmingham Irish, he was converted to Irish republicanism by his grandfather's romantic memories of the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin. The team is completed by Maury Lynch, a shapely ex-nurse bitterly seeking personal revenge for her brother's death in Northern Ireland. Although Scott vividly exploits the sexual tension which she stimulates, he explores her own character insufficiently fully to explain the vital role she ultimately plays in the novel.

Countering Grady's team is a police double-act Superintendent Whitaker, bluff and traditional, with a hunch that the Provisionals are planning "something big," and his imperturbable public school assistant, Sergeant Trew. The policemen are less believable than the terrorists. Scott spreads his characterization a little thinly – but the contrast between the smoothly-run kidnaping police response is particularly well handled.

There is a third broad group of characters: "real" people. The Prime Minister, to be kidnapped, is Mrs Thatcher herself, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner is Sir David McNee, and Scott gives us the full range of current cabinet ministers. Although no doubt adopted to add topicality and realism to the novel, this is an unhappy device, amounting

to a police double-act Superintendent Whitaker, bluff and traditional, with a hunch that the Provisionals are planning "something big," and his imperturbable public school assistant, Sergeant Trew. The policemen are less believable than the terrorists. Scott spreads his characterization a little thinly – but the contrast between the smoothly-run kidnaping police response is particularly well handled.

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Monkey business

By Stephen Brook

STANLEY JOHNSON:
The Marburg Virus
262pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
0 34 06804 7

A virulent disease, even more deadly than bubonic plague, breaks out in New York. It is identified by ace epidemiologist Lowell Kaplan as rare Marburg virus. He pushed back a lock of thick greying hair which had fallen over his forehead. His devoted assistant "ran a hand over her hair, pushing a straying lock back into place" and fifteen pages later, computer technician "Vincent Peters pushed back a dark lock of hair which had flopped forward over his forehead". The falling-lock syndrome, however, has nothing to do with Marburg; it is simply one symptom of Stanley Johnson's stylistic ineptitude.

As a narrative *The Marburg Virus* is efficient enough. The disease is transmitted by a rare breed of green, minuscule, it is on to exterminate it, thus eliminating the virus by the fact that both the American and Soviet governments have their eye on the virus as one more weapon in the bacteriological arsenal. By controlling both the virus and the serum which confers immunity to it, either side could possess a weapon more deadly than a nuclear armory. Kaplan, unravelling the tangles that Johnson has devised, dashes around Europe and Africa, providing injections. There are plenty of false trails and red herrings to string it out and provide maximum confusion, until, finally, the truth is revealed, leaving the world a safer place for monkeys.

The air of mock authenticity is conferred by excessively detailed accounts of medical procedures and monkey identification. I hope, the medical detail is more accurate than

the geography. Paris's Rue du Faubourg St Honoré is shifted to the Left Bank, and our hero dines in the nonexistent Rue Dauphine. Kinshasa is split Kinshasa throughout. These trivial inaccuracies typify the very slapdash way in which the book is written, as if narrative energy were the only thing that mattered.

There are four kisses in the book. Here are two of them: "She was proud of him. Immensely proud of him. He was going to make it. She was sure of that. He was tough enough to play with the big boys. She stood on tip-toe and kissed him on the lips." After that ten-page prose, a spurt of passion: "He clasped her to him. Hungry. His heavy florid face thrust into hers, searching greedily for her mouth. It was as though he had waited a long time for this moment." The last sentence is puzzling, since the couple are married and presumably hardly ever need to wait. Neither does the image of a large face in hungry pursuit of a small mouth carry much of an erotic charge.

Characterization – the author's scrupulous attention to falling locks aside – is minimal. The three members of a WHO team are a Brazilian ("fat and swarthy"), a bearded peacock Englishman, and a Russian ("tall and sinister"). Kaplan, the man dynamo, enjoys the physiological miracle of "suppressed energy visible in every line of his body". His wonders follow: "Isaac Reuben folded his arm around them in an all-enveloping embrace."

It may seem harsh to castigate a novel that has few pretensions for being ill-written and slapdash; but it is surely reasonable to wish for a modicum of care, which might have given some plausibility to a story that is in itself adequately compelling.

The April issue of *Short Story Monthly* (92pp. £1.) includes stories by Bernard Malamud and Paul R. Hyde, and the second chapter of Alasdair Gray's forthcoming novel *Janine*.

eyes of Craddock, the novel's television playwright anti-hero, the era seems both seedy and flash. The view is focused, for Craddock, by his involvement with young Peter Franklin from *Voices*, London's radical entertainment magazine which is hot on the tail of Craddock's lifelong friend Llewellyn, one-time Labour MP and now a Home Office minister. With a glum naturalism only too redolent of the 1950s, Hopcraft brings out the snapshots: 1959 – Lieutenant Llewellyn and Corporal Craddock with two village girls (not visible in picture) in a summer cornfield; 1962 – Brinkley Bay, Northumberland, beside the sea-side, with Llewellyn fighting and losing a by-election but triumphing in bed with his hard-working supporters; 1969 – Craddock at Malta Airport, equipped for a relaxing holiday chez Llewellyn and his American second wife Mary with half a dozen packets of small cigars, a bottle of whisky and copies of the *TLS*. Echoes of the Poulson and T. Dan Smith scandals are heard as rumours circulate of Llewellyn's involvement with George Birtles.

Hopcraft's novel is a series of snapshots, but it is a series of snapshots which underlay some aspects of public life twenty or so years ago. The treatment, however, lacks depth and strength in the reader – and awareness also in the author – as power and hedonism, as seen in the person of Llewellyn, can be matched by the desecration of the spirit that results from an existence finely tuned to writing television plays about quarrelling cyclists in North Yorkshire. Like Craddock's bachelor cottage in the genteified Battersea, Wandsworth-Wimbledon belt of south-west London, *Mid-Century Men* is neat but rather disappointing the mid-century with the fun taken out.

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